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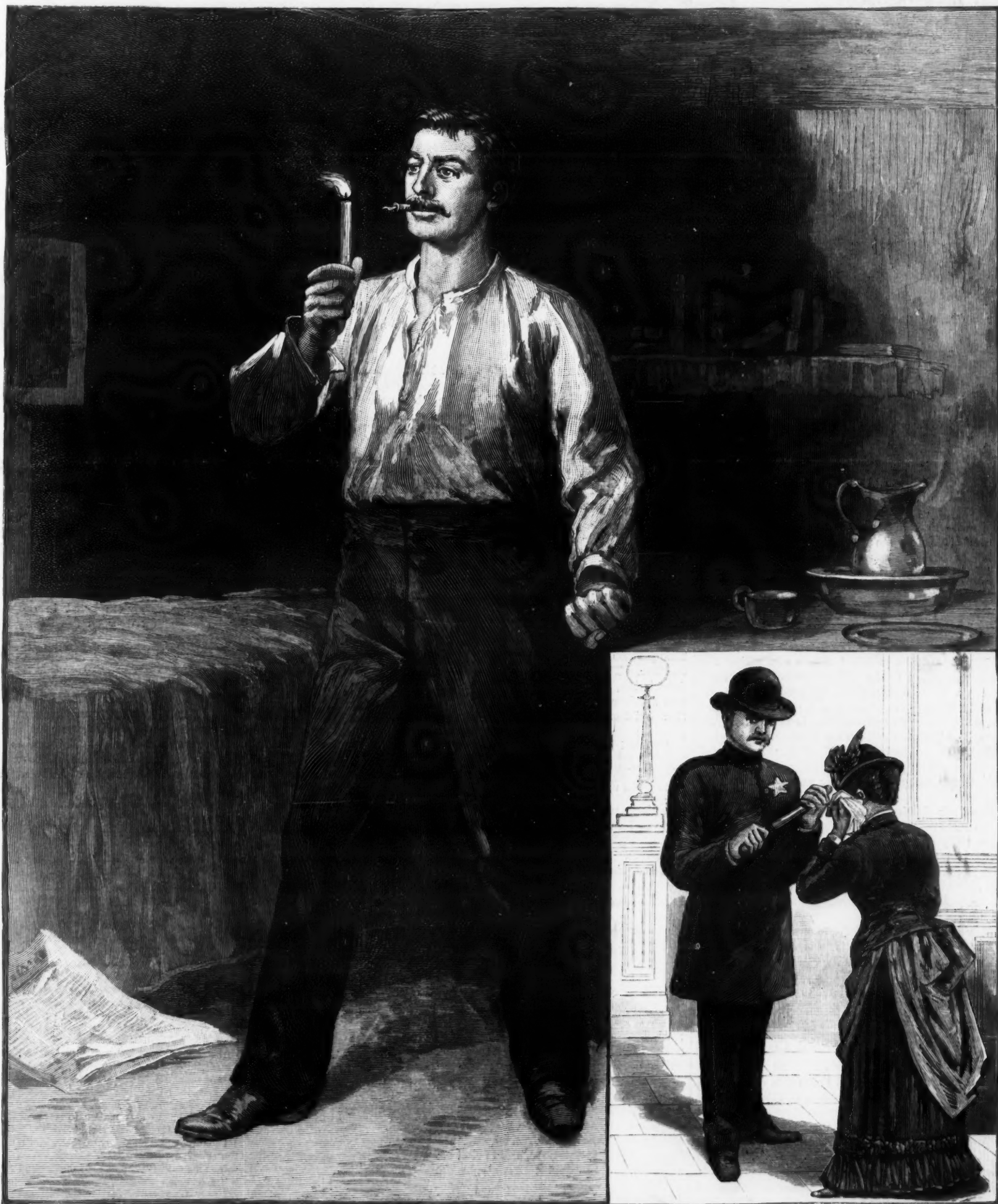
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ILLINOIS.—THE DOOM OF ANARCHY—SUICIDE OF LINGG, ONE OF THE CONDEMNED, BY MEANS OF A DYNAMITE CAP.

FROM A SKETCH BY WILL E. CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 219.

NINA VAN ZANDT SPIES REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE JAIL.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

### THE LESSONS OF THE ELECTIONS.

AS is always the case, the results of the Autumn elections in a year preceding a contest for the Presidency are susceptible of an immense amount of partisan misconstruction. But those who view these results independently of party considerations, and with reference to the attitude of the people upon serious issues, will find many reasons for encouragement in the outcome of last week's contests. It is true that the election of Colonel Fellows as District Attorney in New York was a triumph of the Democratic "bosses"; but it is significant that Colonel Fellows ran 11,000 votes behind the head of his ticket, and Mr. Nicoll, the Republican candidate, ran 17,000 votes ahead of Colonel Grant, the Republican candidate for Secretary of State. This is one of the several indications of an increasing willingness to rebel against machine dictation, and to vote for the best men and measures without regard to party ties. In Massachusetts, the Democrats saw fit to make the spoils system their platform, and the Independent vote, which went to Andrews last year, was transferred to Ames, swelling his majority by many thousands, and teaching a needed lesson. In Maryland, the Independent revolt cut down the usual Democratic majority by nearly 20,000, although the Gorman machine still holds the State. In Philadelphia, the candidates of the Republican bosses for the responsible offices of Sheriff and Comptroller were defeated by Independent voters. In Virginia, Mahone has been laid low; and in Omaha, Nebraska, an uprising in favor of a clean judiciary resulted in the election of non-partisan judges. The independence which sets principles and character above party is clearly on the increase.

The falling off in the Labor and Prohibition vote was on some accounts unexpected. Henry George, who polled 68,000 votes in New York city last year, now receives but about half that number, and the returns throughout the State show that the Labor vote, which has been tenderly coddled by Republican managers, was really a boomerang, and hurt the Republican as well as the Democratic party. In other States, the Labor party shows signs of an imminent collapse. In Chicago, the defender of the Anarchists, running for a judgeship against the judge before whom they were tried, received over 5,000 votes, against some 38,000 for the latter. The Republican expectation that the Labor party would turn the contest of 1888 is doomed to disappointment, and the present indications are that the party is nearing its end. The trifling increase in the Prohibition vote in New York is more than counterbalanced by the sorry figure cut by the party elsewhere. In Massachusetts, although the total vote showed a large increase, the Prohibitionists numbered only 10,697, against 8,251 last year; in Pennsylvania, the Prohibition vote is not one-half of that cast last year; and in Oregon, a Prohibition amendment has been defeated. At the same time, we have to note an increasing opposition to the saloon, and a growing desire on the part of intelligent voters for a practical means of limiting the evils due to the liquor traffic. The "Personal Liberty" party has not succeeded, with all its prodigal expenditure, in controlling the New York or the New Jersey Legislature, and a Sunday of rum-selling is not an immediate danger. Dakota has voted for local option. The lesson of the Prohibitionist increase in New York is that the Republicans must stop their intrigues, pass a High-license Bill, and thereby reunite their party, as has been done in Ohio.

The New York election means that the people are very tired of the Platt machine, and Republican leaders should see the propriety of doing away with bossism, and of taking an open, manly stand on vital questions. It means, moreover, that New York is solidly Democratic; that its Electoral vote will probably be solid for Cleveland; and that Mr. Blaine is now to be counted as unavailable as a Republican Presidential candidate. President Cleveland's interference in behalf of Fellows in this State, and of Lovering in Massachusetts, was an impertinence which disgusted thousands of Independents; but nevertheless he has the satisfaction of a practical indorsement by his party, and his friends will make the most of that fact in the coming struggle.

### RELIEF OF THE SUPREME COURT.

THE Supreme Court of the United States at its organization, nearly one hundred years ago, consisted of seven judges. The population of the country was then not much over three millions. Fifty years ago it consisted of nine judges, and the population was not seventeen millions. To-day it consists, when full, of nine judges, and the population is over sixty millions. Every change in our Constitution and laws has tended to enlarge the sphere of its duties. The vast advance in material wealth and the increasing complexities of business have tended to accumulate its burdens. And yet, in spite of efforts continued through more than thirty years, no measures whatever have been adopted for its relief. The result is

such a delay of justice as to amount to a denial of it. At the close of the last term the Reporter announced that the Court had disposed of 451 cases during the year, and left 945 undisposed of. Now that they have begun their task anew, they find a list before them containing 1,297 cases. They know, and all suitors and counsel know, that with their utmost diligence and zeal they must, on the 1st of next May, leave nearly 1,000 cases undisposed of. A party now aggrieved by any decision in the Federal courts, or in the State courts in cases involving Federal questions, cannot hope for relief before 1890, unless some legislative action shall be taken.

So great is this evil, and so imperative the need of relief, that the Chief-justice of the United States, at the breakfast given to the Supreme Court during the Constitutional Celebration in Philadelphia, used the occasion for an earnest appeal to the Bar on the subject. He avoided the ordinary tone of dinner speaking, and with a gravity that secured the attention of the three hundred lawyers present, he explained the organization and functions of the Court, the increasing burden of its duties and the absolute necessity of speedy relief. And he declared that he made the appeal, not for the sake of the Court, but on behalf of the people whose interests are involved in the prompt administration of justice.

This appeal, though made to a company of lawyers, at a breakfast, was really made to the country, in the name of the Court itself, on an occasion which commanded universal attention. It is to be hoped that it will be seriously heeded by Congress at its coming session.

The delay that has been made in furnishing a remedy for this evil is disgraceful to the nation. It was felt even at the beginning of the century. In 1801 a law was passed increasing the number of Federal judges and providing for a bench in each circuit, consisting of a Chief-justice and two associates. The judges were appointed by John Adams at the close of his term. But in the next year, on the accession of Jefferson, the Act was repealed, and the system adopted which has continued, with few important changes, to this day. Of this system the historian Hildreth said, in 1851: "It answered well enough for a certain period, but its inadequacy has long since become fully apparent; and the almost hopeless accumulation for years past of business before the Supreme Court gives but too abundant occasion, at least to unfortunate suitors, to lament that the Act of 1801 was ever repealed." If the accumulation was "hopeless" in 1851, what must it be in 1887?

There has been no lack of effort to furnish a remedy. In 1854 Mr. Douglas introduced a Bill to establish intermediate courts of appeal. Since that time the subject has been discussed in all its aspects. Every plan of relief that could be devised has been criticised and advocated. The enlargement of the Supreme Court and its division into several branches has been widely favored. But it has met with earnest opposition; and the Chief-justice, on the occasion referred to, dwelt with great emphasis on the constitutional provision for one Supreme Court, and clearly indicated his view that relief cannot come through any scheme to split that tribunal into separate parts. He evidently favored the general plan of intermediate appellate courts provided for in the Bill introduced by Judge Davis, and passed by the Senate in 1882. This Bill, with some modifications, was introduced again at the last session by Senator Jackson, now a Federal judge. This plan seems to have received the general approval of the Bar. The Special Committee of the American Bar Association, after a discussion of the subject during several sessions, made their report in 1886, and expressed this opinion as to the relief of appellate courts in general:

"We believe that the soundest plan for relieving the highest appellate courts, is the establishment of intermediate appellate courts, and the division of appellate causes among them according to the subjects of litigation, or the amount in controversy, and that appeals upon questions of fact should be extremely limited."

This is probably a fair expression of the views of a large majority of the Bar and the people as to the proper line of legislative action. There should be no further hesitation. Mr. Gladstone said: "Justice delayed is justice denied." And a Justice of the Supreme Court declared that "tardy justice is often the grossest injustice." It would crown our celebration of the Centennial of the Constitution to enact a law to remove this reproach from our judicial system.

### ONE POINT SETTLED.

THE election of Arnold, the Republican candidate in the Second Congressional District of Rhode Island, last week, removes one element of uncertainty from the next Presidential election. The national contest next year will probably be decided at the polls, New York State being the scene of the decisive struggle, and by its vote determining who shall be President. But, with a Labor candidate, a Prohibition candidate, and nobody knows how many more, it is just possible that no one may receive a majority of all the Electoral votes, in which case the duty of choosing a President would devolve upon the House of Representatives, and in that case the delegation from each State would cast a single vote. The political revolution in Rhode Island last Spring made the result in the Second District doubtful; and if the district had been carried by the Democrats the State's delegation would have been tied, and there would have been nineteen States with Republican majorities in their delegations

and nineteen with Democratic majorities—a state of affairs that would have insured an embarrassing deadlock if the election had gone to the House. The Rhode Island election gives the Republicans a majority of the States.

### THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GOLD.

THE Government estimates of the various kinds of money in circulation in the United States suggest the inquiry: What becomes of the gold coin? Of the total amount of \$1,538,000,000 of money in the country on the 1st of July last, about \$570,000,000 were gold coin; \$267,000,000 standard silver dollars; \$76,000,000 subsidiary silver coin; \$346,000,000 legal-tender notes, and \$279,000,000 National Bank notes. More than thirty-seven per cent. of the total money supply is in gold coin, or nearly as much as the aggregate of silver dollars and legal-tender notes; yet either of the latter classes of money is in more general use than gold coin.

It may not be generally known that in recent years the increase in the supply of gold coin has exceeded by far that of all other kinds of money together. From January 1st, 1879, to July 1st, 1887, the net coinage of gold—less recoinage—amounted to about \$382,000,000. The net exports of American gold coin during that time were only \$10,000,000, while the amount used in the arts, etc., as officially estimated, was about \$31,000,000. The net increase in the stock of gold coin, therefore, was \$341,000,000, while the total coinage of silver dollars for the same period was only \$244,000,000, and of subsidiary silver, \$3,000,000. There has been no increase in the amount of legal tenders outstanding, and there has been a decrease of about \$48,000,000 in bank-notes.

Part of the increased supply of gold coin can be traced definitely. On January the 1st, 1879, there were in the United States Treasury \$129,000,000 in gold coin, and on July 1st, 1887, \$192,000,000, an increase of \$63,000,000. The amount of gold coin in the National Banks also increased during the same time from about \$20,000,000 to \$98,000,000, or about \$78,000,000, making a total of \$141,000,000 to be deducted from the \$341,000,000 increased supply. This leaves \$200,000,000, the location of which can only be conjectured. Probably \$20,000,000 of this found its way into the State banks, but there is no available means of arriving at the amount except approximately.

This \$200,000,000 is in addition to \$80,000,000 estimated to have been in the hands of the people and outside of the Treasury and the banks on January 1st, 1879, making what may be called the invisible supply on July 1st last \$280,000,000. That most of this coin is not performing the functions of money is obvious. A much smaller volume of silver coin plays a much more prominent part in monetary transactions. The coinage of silver dollars since January 1st, 1879, amounted to \$244,000,000, of which \$194,000,000 have been lodged in the Treasury, and about \$4,000,000 gone into the banks, making the increase in circulation only \$46,000,000. Only about \$4,000,000 were in circulation at the beginning of the period, and less than \$50,000,000 on July 1st, 1887. That this amount should take so prominent a part in the circulating medium, while gold coin, of which there are \$280,000,000, is rarely employed in ordinary transactions, can be explained only on the theory that gold is being hoarded.

Gold is not freely circulated even in the form of certificates, for while there are \$37,000,000 of this form of money not held in the Treasury or by the banks, very few of them circulate. On the other hand, there are \$138,000,000 of silver certificates in circulation, and they pass from hand to hand freely. Whatever may be the cause of the private hoarding of gold—and theorists will make it the basis of much contention—the manifest result is a contraction of the circulating medium. And strangely enough, this fact appears to have escaped the attention of those who have been discussing the cause of the recent stringency in money.

### THE SIGNS OF PEACE.

THE triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, likely to be made for most questions a quadruple alliance by the adhesion of England, does not seem to offer all the security that could be wished for the peace of Europe. There comes up always in the very fountain of delights a taste of something bitter. France and Russia were supposed to have been checkmated by the new combination, all the more that the Legion of Honor scandal and the self-acknowledged guilt of President Grévy's son-in-law gave the French Government more than enough to think about at home, without seeking complications. Peace was supposed to be assured by the new combination; but men constantly forget that the only certain element in human affairs is uncertainty. The peace of Europe depends on the Emperor William, and he is near his end. The Crown Prince, who is no lover of war, would continue the policy of his father; but the prince will not live to be emperor. The growth in his throat is beyond the power of medicine or surgery to extirpate. His eldest son, Frederick William, now twenty-eight years old, must become, at no distant day, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. He is said to be of a haughty and dictatorial character, and entirely devoted to military affairs. It will be no easy matter to restrain such a ruler, with an instrument like the German Army ready to his grasp, or to prove to him beforehand that many of those who take the sword perish by the sword.

Almost at the same moment with the news of the Crown Prince's imminent danger, the Austrian Premier, Count Kalnoky, made a speech, which can only be regarded as an indirect answer to Russia's declaration, after the late military review, that she also was ready for mobilization. Europe, said Count Kalnoky, had welcomed the alliance made with Germany and Italy; and England, whose interests in the East coincided with those of Italy and Austria, was



moving towards a union with the three Powers. He could give no guarantee of peace under all circumstances, but he hoped the efforts of the allies for the maintenance of peace would be successful.

This was a distinct menace to Russia, though she was not named, and the irritation at St. Petersburg was the greater, that such a speech from the Austrian Premier expressed, undoubtedly, the sentiments of Bismarck. Threatening language from the Hungarian Prime Minister might be interpreted as a concession to the anti-Russian feeling of the Hungarian Parliament; but, used by Count Kalnoky, it could only mean that Germany and Austria were ready to defy Russia.

The condition of France is not much more favorable to peace. The Government holds by a precarious tenure, and a trifle may bring on a collision at home that will be the cause of war, for which there are, unhappily, motives always sufficiently near at hand. The signs of peace in Europe shine by their absence.

### THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

THE fifth season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House (the fourth of German opera) has been successfully opened with Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," which is to be followed by a series of Wagner's operas that has included "Siegfried," hitherto never brought out in this country. With such accomplished interpreters as Lehmann, Brandt, Niemann, Robinson, and others, the New York admirers of Wagner have no reason for complaint. The best resources of Berlin and Vienna have been drawn upon for the benefit of our public. The Wagner cult flourishes mightily, and its apostles uplift their voices in every public place. There is an aggressiveness in their attitude which suggests "the cross or the sword" of the Crusaders, and this absence of liberality sometimes provokes a mild remonstrance. There are some who still find pleasure in melody, and are not shocked by music which possesses a sensuous charm. They are scorned by the Wagnerite, who is never weary of declaiming against the "hurdy-gurdy tunes" of Italian opera; but the liking for mere melody exists, and it even seems probable that there will be people fond of "tunes" as long as there are people who like to hear good stories.

Whether the present fashion for Wagner will endure or not, it is hard to say. It was a common saying that the Metropolitan Opera House was built to afford opportunities for display to those to whom the Academy of Music, for one reason or another, offered an insufficient chance. This may have been as unfair as some of the "slings and arrows" of the Wagnerites; but it may reasonably be inferred that some of the enthusiasm over Wagner is based upon other grounds than an intimate appreciation of his art. Fashion in music, as in dress, has numberless votaries. Moreover, German opera appeals to the large German population of the city which turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of the doughty Mapleson. The fact is to be recorded that German opera has triumphed where Italian opera has failed. Whether German opera will continue to triumph when it has become no more of a novelty than the *répertoire* of Italian operas which has been presented to our public, is still a question. It may be granted that Wagner has become classic, but Beethoven, although classic, hardly meets with popular acceptance. The music dramas of Wagner, involving musical expression of the profoundest emotions, carrying stories of love, anguish, hate and rapture, in music as well as in words, make an intellectual appeal, which necessitates some education. The person who hears, even for the first time, "Lohengrin," obtains little enjoyment in comparison with the person who has learned to look for the "motives" and to appreciate their significance. There will always be many who prefer music directly charming to music which requires study, and we can hardly agree with the rabid Wagnerites who claim that theirs is the only "music of the future." Wagner is magnificent to those who know him, but that is no reason for contemning every other composer of operas. The present Wagner craze is likely to be followed by a reaction, but meantime New York is very fortunate in its opportunities for an adequate acquaintance with the great composer's works.

### THE APOTHEOSIS OF AMERICAN MUSCLE.

AMERICANS, and Boston Americans in particular, ought, no doubt, to regard with proud satisfaction the apotheosis of their champion pugilist, John L. Sullivan, by the English people. It is something colossal and unprecedented. Other illustrious Bostonians—Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell, for instance—have recently paid visits to London; but they were, so to speak, mere featherweights, and the populace did not even notice them. Buffalo Bill had a success of curiosity as an alleged typical American man on exhibition; but, after all, his biceps were only of normal development, and he had no record at all as a knock-out of men in the prize ring. His ephemeral popularity was forgotten as soon as the great fist hero stepped upon Britain's shore. A surging mob of ten or twelve thousand people greeted the redoubtable Sullivan at the Euston Station upon his arrival in London, and escorted him in savage triumph to his hotel. The Pelican Club made him an honorary member. His first professional appearance before the British public, at St. James's Hall, was an event which cast completely into the shade the Lord Mayor's rival entertainment, the annual banquet at the Guildhall, which had been audaciously set on the same evening. A few minor celebrities, such as Lord Salisbury and Secretary Balfour, were induced to be present at the latter show, for form's sake; but the town was with Sullivan. While the unemployed poor were encamped in Trafalgar Square, most of the male portion of the employed crowded St. James's Hall, at fancy prices of admission. The wealthy and titled "toughs" also were there, together with the shining lights of the English prize ring, including the next opponent and presumable victim of the American champion, Jem Smith. When the Boston gladiator, "in his customary pink tights, and shirtless," appeared, announcing himself as "yours truly, John L. Sullivan," there was a pandemonium of enthusiasm. When he "put up his dukes" against the local pugilist who had been provided for him to practice upon, the multitude bowed down and worshiped him. What will occur after he has knocked out his formidable English opponents can only be surmised, for he is already a greater public personage than the Prince of Wales or the Grand Old Man himself. Britain loves a bruiser. It is plain that when we want her to believe that good can come out of Yankee land we must send, not brains nor beauty, but a Sullivan, with sixteen-inch biceps, a diamond belt, and a hippodrome championship.

### THE CROW OUTBREAK.

THERE is always a possibility of an extensive Indian outbreak in the Northwest, so long as large bodies of Indians are left in idleness on reservations, but the punishment given the Crows by General Ruger has rendered this possibility extremely slight. The trouble with the Crows, always a restless tribe, was due primarily to a very common cause, the ambition of a young chief and

a medicine man. The Crows had been permitted to carry on their ancient warfare against the Piegiens, something which should not have been allowed, and returning from a foray, excited by fighting and eager for more, they would naturally refuse to surrender any of their number who were wanted for theft, or to recognize the demands of justice in any way. Under the leadership of the ambitious Swordbearer, the next step was to openly show contempt for Agency authority. In view of the final results the mistakes of the military can be pardoned, but the delay of the troops to act, and their permitting Swordbearer and his two hundred followers to escape them at first, might have involved the most serious consequences, for a successful uprising among the Crows would have caused a sympathetic outbreak among the thousands of Sioux on the great Dakota reservation, and probably among the Blackfeet and some Canadian tribes. The final settlement was the only one. Inspector Armstrong ordered the rebellious Crows to surrender the mischief-makers and return to the Agency. When they refused, General Ruger promptly opened fire, and although two or three soldiers were killed, Swordbearer and other Indian leaders were slain, and their followers demoralized. This is a miserable way to settle the Indian question, but in such a case it is the only way. These Indians must be taught the meaning of authority, and faltering and delay are always dangerous. The root of the difficulty is the idle and demoralizing existence which is enforced upon these Indians by the reservation system. Indians who own land, who are acquiring property and working for more, will not be a source of danger to their neighbors, and of expense to the Government.

ONE of the gratifying results of the recent election in New York city was the failure of the liquor dealers to defeat the re-election of Assemblymen Crosby and Hamilton. These gentlemen were conspicuous in the last Legislature as opponents of saloon domination, and no less so for their courageous support of wholesome measures of reform in regard to city affairs, and the success of the movement against them, which included practically all the vicious elements of their respective districts, would have been a real misfortune. It would be well for the commonwealth of New York if more of her legislators possessed the honesty of purpose and independence of character which distinguish these popular representatives.

It is said that the law of the United States forbidding the importation of laborers under contract will prevent Senator Stanford, who has become dissatisfied with the labor of the Chinese in his great California vineyard, from bringing out one hundred skilled vineyardists from Bordeaux. The law will not, however, prevent those vineyardists from emigrating to California and making contracts with Senator Stanford after they arrive there. Like all good laws, this one causes inconvenience to some, but its purpose is to stop a practice that is alike unfair to those who are ignorantly induced to sell their labor for less than the price it will command in the market and those who have to compete with the labor thus secured.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN in Tullamore Prison is doing more to arouse public sentiment throughout the world in favor of Home Rule, and more to undermine the present Tory Government of England, than he could possibly do at the editor's desk of *United Ireland* or on the platform presiding over or addressing proclaimed meetings. The indignities heaped upon him, the attempt to make him wear the prison garb; the cruelty of confining him in a close, unhealthy cell and placing him on bread-and-water diet when such treatment endangers his life, only make his crown of martyrdom brighter and inspire his countrymen with more determined zeal. If there ever was a time when the demand for Home Rule could be crushed out by imprisoning its champions, that time has passed.

THE young man who attempts to write upon a subject that he does not fully understand will, if he is conscientious, master it quicker and more completely than if taught it in any other way. The American Protective Tariff League, therefore, in offering prizes for essays on the tariff to students of senior classes of colleges and universities in the United States, adopts the most effective means of stimulating a study of that subject. It may be that the investigation will not be as wisely directed as it might be—pursued rather to prove an assumed theory than to discover the truth—but if the young men of this country can be interested in these great questions of political economy in this or any other way, we may trust them to reach sound conclusions as their studies extend.

MISS NELLIE LUCRETIA COOK, regular Democratic candidate for School Commissioner in a Wayne County district of this State, was defeated by a small majority in last week's election. It was real mean of the Republicans to do this, and spoil all the nice celebration festivities which had been arranged in honor of what would have been the first woman school commissioner in New York State. Nellie Lucretia says she doesn't care, however, and adds: "Those mean old Republican politicians who beat me may laugh all they like, but they can't deny that I have scared them the worst they have known in years. Some day I'll shock them again." Her example was followed with better success by Miss Ida L. Griffen, whom the Democrats in the Third District of Oswego County have elected School Commissioner by nearly 400 majority.

MORE than forty years ago, the late N. P. Willis made an eloquent appeal—inspired by the sufferings of Edgar Poe and his wife from illness and poverty—for the founding of some semi-private institution where literary and other persons of refinement and sensibility might find temporary refuge without publicity in times of adversity. This charitable project appears to be at last in a way towards realization, in the proposed Home Hotel for needy authors, artists, and other brain-workers. It has already a list of prominent patrons, and donations received during last month are credited to Mrs. John Guion, Mrs. Frank Leslie, P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Adelaide Morgan, Mr. R. Dunlap, Mrs. Van Buren, Mrs. Florence E. Cory. The treasurer is Mrs. Vincenzo Botta. Mrs. I. Ludlow Spencer, 48 East Fifty-fourth Street, New York city, is the actuary.

It is, no doubt, a good sign that the officials in the various departments of the administration in Russia are being held to a strict account; but the extent of the corruption and dishonesty laid bare by recent investigations is amazingly great. Only a short time ago many military engineers, generals and colonels, in Finland, were convicted of systematic robberies, continued through a series of years, and amounting in the aggregate to millions of rubles; and in August last, two colonels of cavalry, Zass and Medvedovsky, were tried at Wilna and found guilty of forgery, as well as of theft and falsifying accounts. While the trial was yet in progress a number of officers resigned their commissions and went abroad in time to avoid an investigation. The Czar is determined to break up this disgraceful state of things, and the Press shows that what public opinion there is in Russia applauds his resolution. The official

army journal, the *Invalide Russe*, reports that Zass and Medvedovsky have been sentenced to exile to Siberia, with deprivation of their civil and political rights, their rank and their decorations. With them were condemned, also, two lieutenant-colonels of the same regiment. It would be, no doubt, an error to suppose that corruption like that of Zass and Medvedovsky is general in the Russian army; but it is beyond question that the evil is widespread. The scandals of the Commissariat Department during the Turkish War of 1877 are still fresh in the memory; and these later ones present a singularly telling commentary on the text of the Russian preparation for war with an enemy like Germany.

ANOTHER beautiful scheme for squandering a portion of the Treasury surplus is due to the superior powers of invention of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who proposes to introduce a Bill this Winter appropriating \$10,000,000 for a "National Normal School," to be situated at Washington. Of course there is just as much reason for establishing a National Fencing School or National Cooking School, for the idea involved is a favorite one with Communists, that the Government should exercise all manner of paternal functions for the benefit of the people. But the paternal Government does not represent the American idea. When our National Government loads itself down with undertakings which should devolve upon individuals, or municipalities, or States, it will not be the Government intended by our Constitution.

If anybody has doubted that New York was to have a great Protestant Episcopal cathedral worthy of that important branch of the Christian Church, to whose zeal and devotion it will be a fitting monument, and worthy, too, of the metropolis of America, that doubt was removed by the announcement, the other day, of the purchase of a site for the contemplated structure. There are few spots on Manhattan Island better adapted for the site of such a building than that selected. The rocky eminence between the Morningside Drive and Tenth Avenue, One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Thirteenth Streets, commands a fine view of the Sound and of the Hudson River, and from its spires the city will spread out until lost in the dim haze of the north and south. The grand building will be worthy of the site, for which \$850,000 is paid, the rival of similar structures of the Old World.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD'S system of competitive examinations for promotion in the Treasury Department has not been long enough in operation to demonstrate its practicability and value, but if we may judge from what has been published about it, it commends itself as calculated to secure the best results for the public service and fair treatment to Government employes. We are especially pleased with the scale of marking, in which proficiency in the work upon which the candidate has been engaged for a year is indicated by 8; knowledge of the duties of the bureau in which he is employed and of miscellaneous arithmetic, each by 6; and briefing letters, grammar and orthography by 4 each; while wide general information gives the candidate only 2 credits. That competitive examination is ideally perfect that gives the highest grade to the candidate best fitted for the particular work he is to do, and Secretary Fairchild's seems designed to accomplish this result.

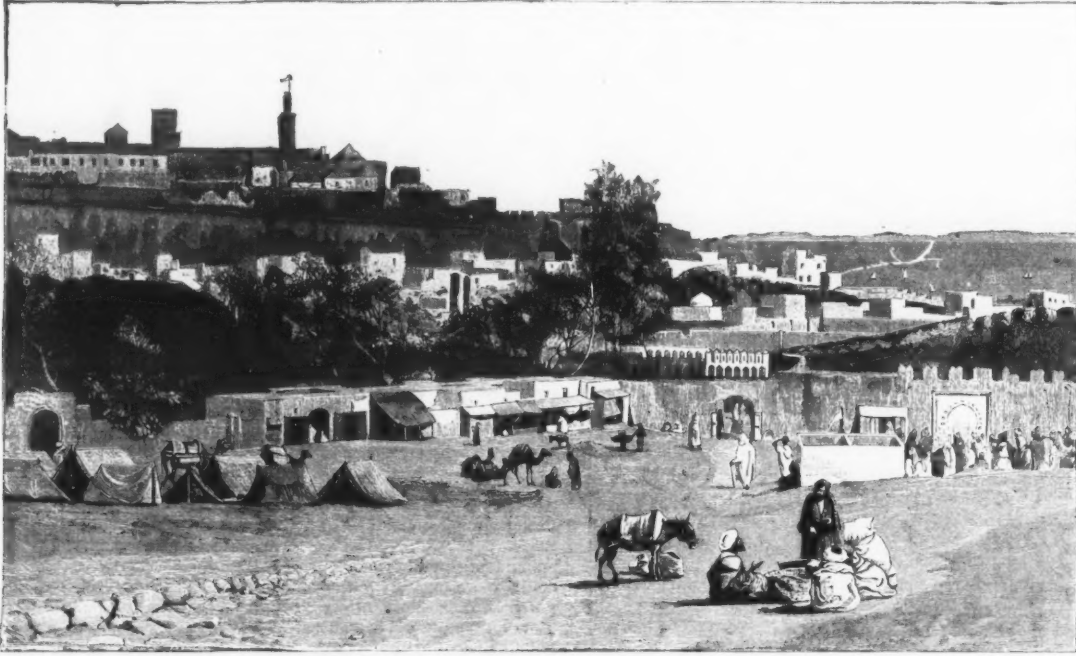
A GENTLEMAN not long since returned from Spain relates that he attended seventy-four bull-fights, in the hope of seeing, at some one of these, the killing of one or two of the performers, and so rejoicing his mind with the sight of a righteous retribution. The gentleman protests too much, and his reasoning is extremely feeble. The performer at the bull-fight is not the guilty person; he is merely an instrument of the guilty public with its depraved taste, and the reformer is himself the most guilty of the public. The money he spent for admission to his seventy-four horrors, which were not horrible enough to please him, has gone a long way towards encouraging and extending the taste for bull-fights in Spain. This, probably, matters very little to him, now that he has returned to a place where he can assume a moral tone about the indulgence which is beyond his reach. There is nothing new in this kind of virtue; in fact, it is seen every day in the countless number of persons who think they have reformed, because they have lost the power of being vicious.

TWO MONTHS ago a postal convention was concluded with the Government of Jamaica, providing for a general system of parcel post delivery between the two countries, with customs restrictions reduced to a minimum in Jamaica. Copies of this treaty have been sent to every government in South and Central America and the West Indies—twenty-eight in all—with a formal invitation on the part of the United States to enter into similar postal relations. Favorable replies have been received from about half of them, and Postmaster-general Vilas anticipates concluding treaties with ten or fifteen of them within a few days. This is all very well as far as it goes, but an international parcel postal arrangement with a country to which the United States dispatches no direct mail, or, if it does, only at long intervals, will not help commerce much or open new markets for American goods. When Postmaster-general Vilas refused to pay to the owners of American steamship lines the money that Congress voted for that purpose, he lost the great opportunity of his official life to encourage American commerce.

NOW THAT mud-throwing has ceased to be deemed a necessity, and the stench of political personalities no longer offends the nostrils of decent men, it may be well to ask whether anything has been gained by a campaign of Billingsgate and blackguardly disregard of all the rights of private life. The spectacle of two prominent New York editors constantly referring to each other as Ananias and Judas Iscariot is not likely to teach ingenious youth to respect the newspaper as "the great public educator," the "mentor and mold of public morals." Neither are reputable citizens likely to be tempted into practical participation in politics by the discovery that proved ability and integrity in a candidate cannot offset the heinous offense of wearing good clothes. In the recent campaign a reporter, disguised as a plumber, sneaked into a candidate's kitchen and sought to extract some damaging admissions from the cook; and this was only one of many attempts to search into every detail of private life. And what is gained? Many good citizens fear to offer themselves as candidates, for they see that the man who has been honored and respected by all is declared to be a swindler or an incompetent the moment he accepts a nomination. The average honest voter, seeing personalities and blackguardism on both sides, loses sight of principles and ideas amid the tirade of abuse. If we ever have clean politics, there will be fair and open arguments on principles, instead of the disgusting vituperation which has made the recent campaign in New York city a national disgrace. At the same time it must be remembered that, if we are to have cleaner political methods, the people must themselves lead the way. Newspapers usually supply what the public is supposed to want, and if the community at large did not show a relish for the style of campaigning to which we have referred, it is fair to assume that it would soon be abandoned by all reputable journals.



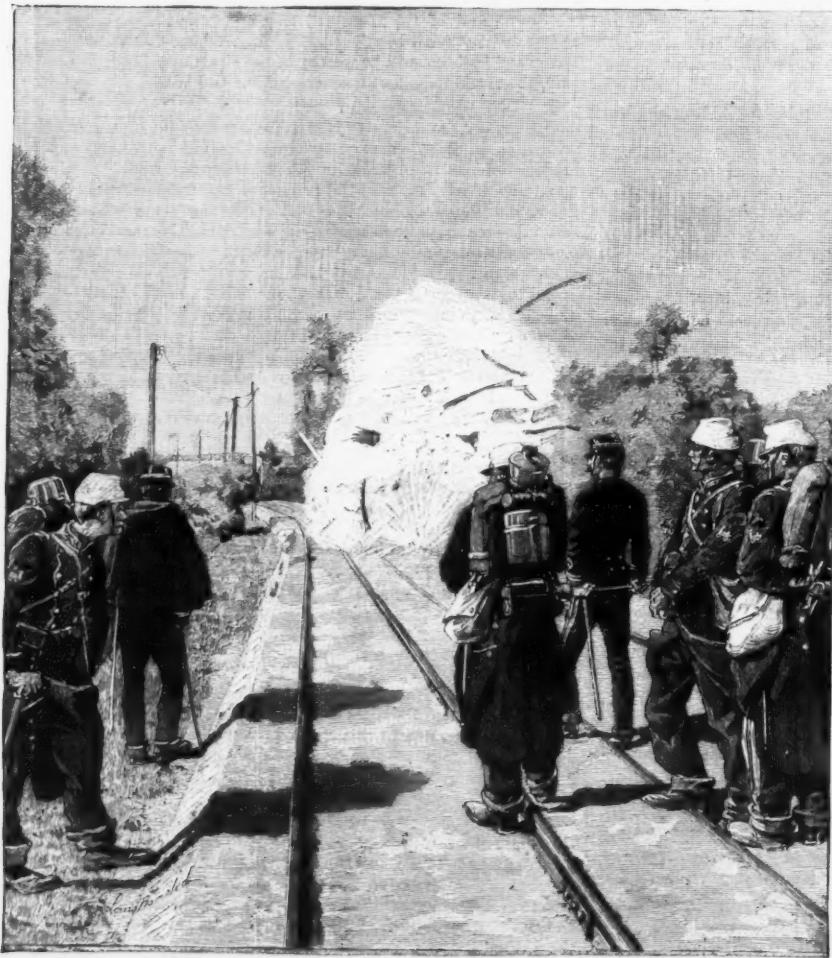
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 219.



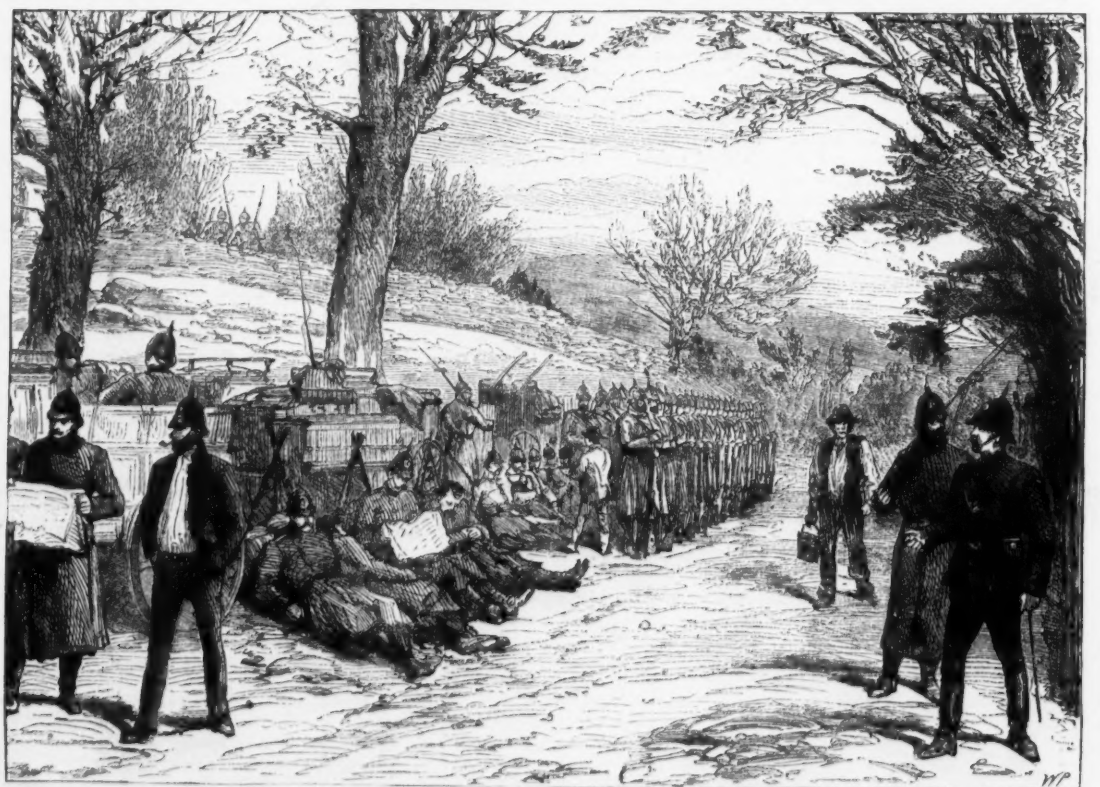
MOROCCO.—VIEW OF TANGIER FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.



MOROCCO.—SULTAN MULEY HASSAN.

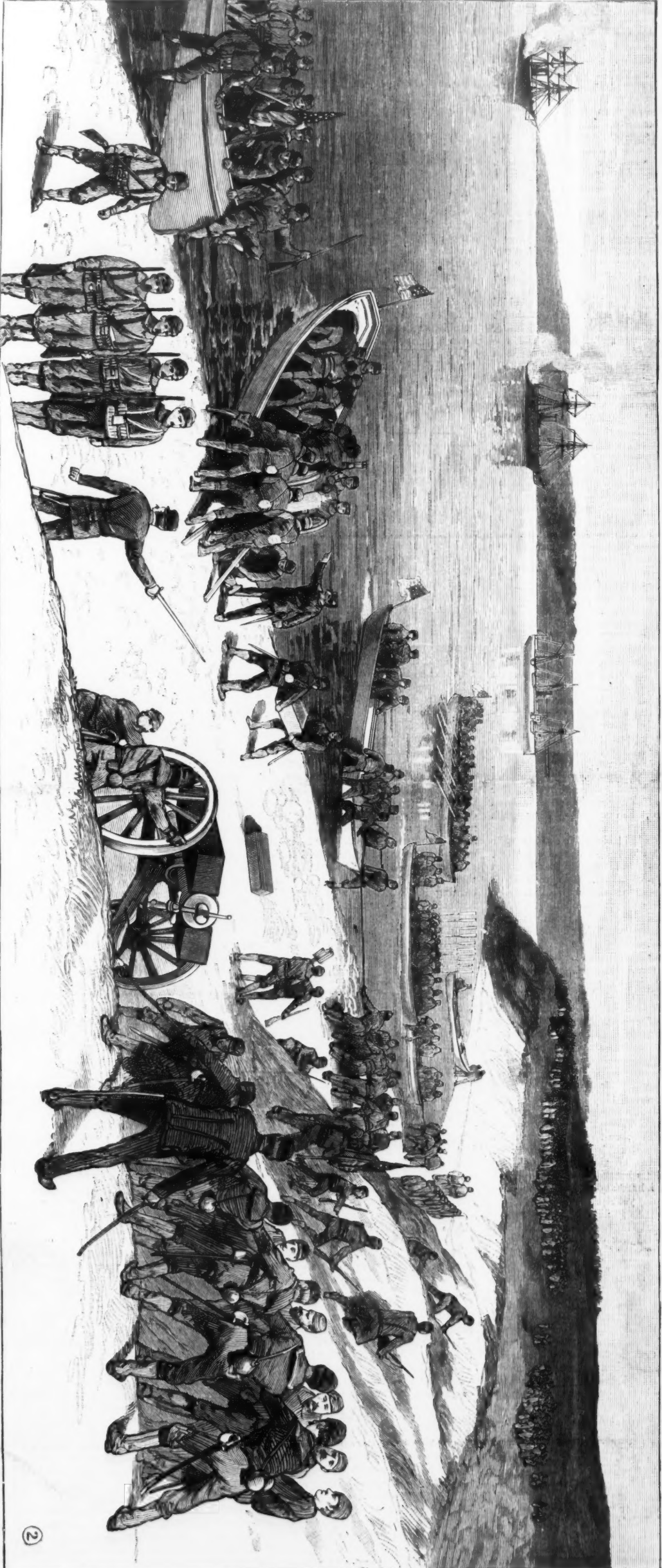
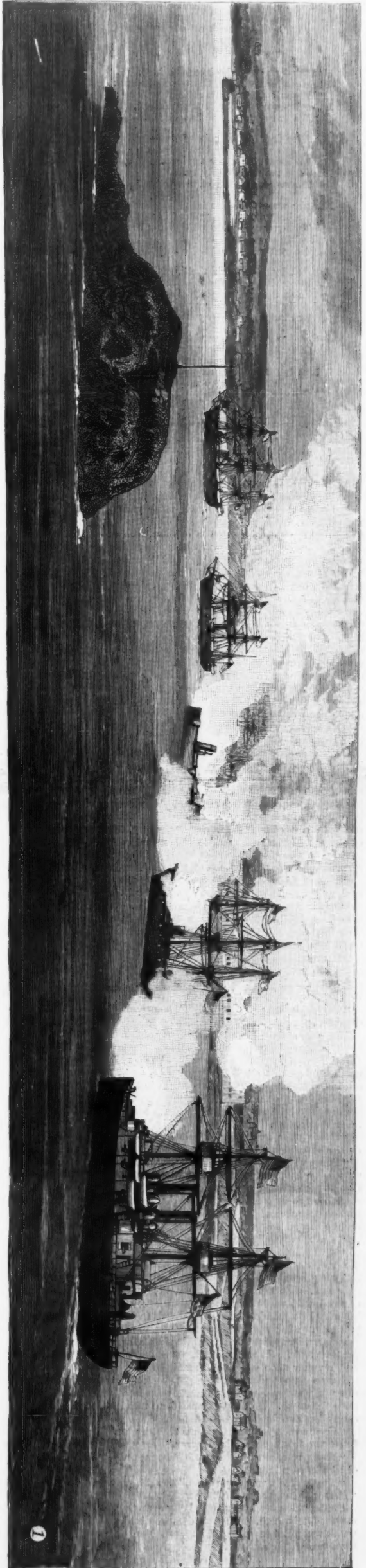
FRANCE.—MANŒUVRES OF RAILWAY MOBILIZATION SECTION NO. 4—SAPPERS  
BLOWING UP A LINE.

AUSTRIA.—STREET SCENE IN STERZING, IN THE TYROL.

PERSIA.—MASSOUD MIRZA (ZIL-ES-SULTAN), ELDEST  
SON OF THE SHAH.

IRELAND.—POLICE BIVOUACKED AT WOODFORD, GALWAY, TO PREVENT NATIONAL LEAGUE MEETINGS.





1. THE FLEET PASSING FORT ADAMS. 2. LANDING OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE ON CODDINGTON'S POINT.  
RHODE ISLAND.—MANOEUVRES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, NOVEMBER 10TH.—THE STORMING OF NEWPORT.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 219.



## THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

SHE came among us still and sweet,  
With errand that we knew was blest,  
And lovely, though we never guessed  
The goal towards which her baby feet  
Were hastening with eager quest.

She went as one who knoweth best,  
Heeding the calls, the tears of none;  
To us her life-work seemed undone;  
But faintly now, though unconfessed,  
We see her mission just begun.

She lives for us—the sainted one—  
We live for her not less that we  
No longer hold her tenderly.  
Her little race so swiftly run  
Draws us, dear Christ, more close to Thee.

Nor are we any longer free  
To harbor any thought of ill;  
The wrongs we do will wrong her still,  
And with us she may only be  
As we the laws of Love fulfill.

We feel, by an electric thrill,  
Her swift, still presence when we do  
The thing we know is just and true—  
And daily led by her sweet will,  
We find a peace we never knew.

And so we get a closer view  
Of that fair Heaven where, soon or late,  
The little Pilgrim at the Gate  
Will watch to lead us safely through—  
Sweet soul, we have not long to wait.

A. L. M.

## A LITTLE OLD MAN.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

BETWEEN high, wooded shores rippled a sunny blue river, and down this the little steamer rushed with much noisy panting and puffing. It seemed to make so much fuss that I inquired the wherefore of the captain, who answered, curtly, "The tide's running up, marm—we're running down." Feeling that I was debarred from acquiring nautical information by my ignorance, I fell to watching the people about me on the deck and the folks on the nearer shore. I saw many exquisite bits of home scenery—gray farmhouses perched often on granite, pine-clad hills. Along the rocky water-line our steamer sent miniature breakers that swashed far up on the sea-weed. Some venturesome children rowed their dory out to rock in our wake. A chorus of caws sounded from a fir grove, while a pearly sea-gull swept with discordant scream out seaward. Far above against the dazzling blue and silver of the sky, a fish-hawk soared, holding a shimmering fish in its talons.

I, a tired, old-maid Boston schoolma'am, drew in the vigorous salt air, enjoyed the Summer day, and for the first time in a year was glad I was alive. At length the river widened, and the rolling waves grew rounder and fuller, breaking often into lines of foam before they reached us. A great motion was coming into the river—the throbbing of the sea. I pictured the ocean's breathing following up the tide, slower and less perceptible, until it died away in some quiet harbor.

"There's Lithcoe's Island, marm," the captain said, and I came back to earth to hand him the check for my trunk. There was a small stone wharf at the island—a wooded gem set in the wide blue river. As the steamer drew near, I saw on this wharf, standing by the hawser-post, a small, unchildish figure.

"Kitch a rope!" yelled the captain.  
"That small boy?" I asked, in surprise. "Isn't it dangerous?"  
"For him, no; that's Billy," answered the captain.

The small figure advanced, with a quick movement caught the rope flung him, climbed up to the post and put the loop over it. With sundry creaks and groans the steamer gritted against the stone and a gangplank was lowered. I went ashore, followed by two men carrying my trunk. Before I was noticed the small boy climbed up and flung back the hawser.

"How's your mar, Billy?" called the captain, as the steamer put off from the wharf.

"Pooty well, thanks," he answered, and I was struck by the marvelous change in the child's face at the mention of her name. It was a sort of inward brightness flashing in his eyes, making his little mouth tremulous. It died away in a second, and he turned to me. "Be you Miss Willey?" he said, politely. I saw then that he was thin and small for his age, undersized even for his six years. He had on long overalls, a comical calico shirt and suspenders—the latter the most abbreviated I ever saw. His head was rather large, and thinly covered with white hair; through the bronze on his cheeks myriads of freckles tried to become prominent; his mouth was wide, but his brown eyes were large and beautiful, having a curious pathetic look. He was a child, yet his expression and manner were so old and staid, he seemed an old man who had some way got back to earth after a previous, well-rounded existence and peaceful death. He dug his small bare toes in the sandy soil and looked at the trunk.

"Gamma sez you was ter come right up, an' I'll fetch yer trunk on a wheelbarrow."

"You never can in the world," I snapped—"a child like you!"

"I'm forerd fur my age, marm," he said, gravely. "Feel that; clear muscle."

I felt awkwardly of a small, bony arm that had a wart-like bunch. Then I compromised; the trunk was not heavy, and I suggested we take it together. After some serious objections from him that made me, at thirty-seven, feel very young, we started for the house, carrying the trunk between us. On the way, by the shore, he passed a stick of driftwood, which he captured with the apology, "It'll come handy fur kindin'." He

volunteered the information that he "split all the wood, built the fires, and lugged the water when Uncle Seth was coastin'." I called I aim my board," he finished, with a sigh.

Perched on a hillock overlooking the sunny river, and commanding from its western windows a far glimpse of the blue sea, was a gray house. It had the central, big chimney, the sloping roof, the small-paned windows of the usual New England farmhouse, but there were no trees about it, not even the stunted firs or pines that fight for existence along the Maine coast. It stood opposed to every gale from the four winds of heaven. Coming to meet us was a queer, shriveled old woman, weather-worn and storm-desolated as her home. She looked at me out of her faded gray eyes and said kindly, "Right glad ter see ye, marm." The wrinkled, trembling hand she held out was hard and bony, her brown calico was worn from washing and long use, while her little shoulder-shawl, that she always wore, was much frayed and threadbare. She looked poor and hard-worked, but was exquisitely neat and clean. "You'd oughter not a-lugged that up here, Miss Willey. Billy could a-done't jest as well."

"He is so small," I said; but she and the child relieved me of the trunk and hurried on ahead. Gamma, I learned afterwards, was always in haste. She told me she never had an idle moment. If she ever sat down of an afternoon, her eyes were not on the glorious Summer world about her, but on the knitting in her lap. "Some could knit 'thout lookin', but she wa'n't never that kind."

The house was clean and wholesome, with bare floors, rag rugs, and hard, wood chairs. There were green paper curtains over the windows, big feather beds, and on every mantel-shelf sea-shells, mosses, dried starfish and other sea-gatherings. A few colored prints of impossibly beautiful females ornamented the papered walls, while, to add to the somberness of the house, all the woodwork was painted a dull green. Over my four-post feather bed was a neatly framed coffin-plate bearing the name of "Captain William Lithcoe, Aet. 70." "That's pa's," Gamma explained, and afterwards I knew she meant her husband.

When my trunk was unpacked I went out to sit on the doorstep, for Gamma told me to make myself "to hum." She was flying about the kitchen, and Billy had disappeared. After a while I heard voices, and I saw coming towards the house a man and woman. The man was fixed up in cheap city style, with a large watchchain and a suit of plaid clothes. His black mustache and his curly hair were well oiled, and hovering around him was an unpleasant odor of strong cologne. He was a barber over at Linnekin's Bay, a settlement on the mainland, and was a specimen of the coast-town swell. The woman with him was big and tall, with bold black eyes, rich dark hair, and painted cheeks. She had on—and I note these things generally—a pink nun's-veiling wrapper, trimmed with a profusion of tawdry lace, and trailing behind her over the grass and rocks. Her hat, trimmed also with dirty white lace, she carried in her hand. Her voice was loud and her laugh repellingly coarse.

"Hullo, the boat's in!" she said, coming up to me. "You Miss Willey? No one else git off? Glad there wa'n't—thought my husband might come—best news I've he'r'n yit. My name's Missis West, his is Mr. Jones." At this they both laughed hilariously, while I bowed uncomfortably. "A'nt Clary writ you was comin'—hope you'll git enuff to eat—ma's a master-han to cook—don't mind Charlie an' me—we're goin' in an' have a sing."

There was a melodeon that I had not seen in the parlor, and I now became painfully aware of its existence. She played, with many mistakes and discords, "Down in a Coal Mine," "Good-by, Charlie," and other gems that I thought had mercifully disappeared for ever. She had a fine contralto voice, but woefully untrained. While I listened, I saw Billy coming up the hill with a pail in his hand. He walked slowly and carefully, like an old man, while the white hair, overalls and suspenders were equally deceiving. He might have been some aged neighbor coming over for a visit. He halted with a weary sigh.

"Gosh, I'm tired!" Then he caught the sound of the music, and his face took on the rapt, inspired look. "It's mother singin'," he whispered, in an awed way. I noted then his pail was full of blueberries and his hands scratched and torn. He must have had a hard and long hunt for them, for they were scarcely yet ripe.

"Fetch them berries in; there ain't no time to moon now!" called Gamma, shrilly; and Billy obeyed. Still the singing went on, a "Letter in the Candle," now. I went into the parlor, and the little old man, his tasks ended for the moment, was also there, his skinny elbows on his skeleton knees, looking at her with that light on his earnest face.

Mr. Jones staid to supper, where we had a blueberry cake, one of Gamma's culinary triumphs. Billy pattered about on his bare feet, waiting on the table, while Gamma helped us all, though Jones reluctantly, glaring at him with stony dislike. Mrs. West roused herself from her usual laziness to see he had enough. After the meal, she and he went out to row on the river; then Billy mounted a bench and proceeded to wash dishes in a business-like way that showed a wonted occupation. I was too new to offer assistance, so I made myself "to hum," by watching the sunset light across the wooded hills beyond the river, listening to the soothing ripple of the ebbing tide. Later, Gamma came in the parlor; she had a clean apron on, which was her "dress up."

"That was M'randy's orgin," she said, reverently. "Pa bought it for her. She used ter play butiful; died of consumption ten year ago; pa was called eight year ago; both on 'em's berried down 't pint." She wiped away a tear with the clean apron, so practically that it seemed quite natural that she should finish by wiping the perspiration off her face. "Kin you play?" she asked, timidly.

I detest "orgins" and I am no musician, but she looked so wistful, I could not resist. There were some of the dead daughter's music-books in the corner, and I looked them over.

"I'd give a sight to hear 'em. Eveleen don't know nuthin' but them lallygaggin' songs, an' them I dispipe. Now, Eveleen's my son's widdar, an' I don't say nuthin' 'gin her, an' is merried second time to Mister West, as is a honest, hard-workin' man, but I do say her goin's on with Mr. Jones is scanderous, a-singin'—screechin', I calls it—tunes as ain't fit fur a merried woman ter sing, with a b'y six year old an' a husband a journeyman tailor."

In spite of some uneasy objections, I found myself becoming a repository for family secrets. In fact, the skeleton of the house was introduced in all his fleshless unpleasantness. To draw her mind from the subject, I began to play some of M'randy's music. They were old-time melodies that our mothers loved—old when she learned them—but they sounded pathetic and sweet, chiming with the song of the tide, the soft whispering of the ocean-wind through the pines and dying away in the crash of distant breakers. Gamma drew nearer to me. I saw the bowed shoulders quiver under the worn shawl, the work-hardened hands tremble, and tears roll down the wrinkled cheeks. From that moment Gamma and I were friends. I played for her every night while she sat near me, and I now lived again long-buried days.

At nine that evening, when I went to bed, the moon had risen, flooding sea and shore in glorious light. Far out on a rocky point I saw looking towards the river a solitary little figure.

"That's Billy," said Gamma; "he's that set on his ma, he watches till she comes in safe, then creeps off ter bed unbeknownst to her."

The Summer days passed too quickly for me. Billy and I went rowing, fishing, and berrying, though he would leave me at any time to "tend to his chores" or row his mother to Linnekin's Bay. I helped Gamma about the household tasks and her primitive sewing. I remember I cut and made a black alpaca dress pattern—Seth's gift—that had been in the house for five years.

By degrees I learned the family history. How "pa" was a fisherman, and they owned the island; how she had two sons and a da'ter, and Joe married Eveleen Hodge, of Linnekin's Bay, and went to Boston, where he died, and Eveleen came home with her baby, Billy, and staid a year or two, but was discontented and went to work in a factory, leaving the child with his grandmother. There she met and married Mr. West, who wouldn't take Billy, though, "but mebbe wa'n't to blame for not caring to support another man's child." That Eveleen came home every Summer, but this year had behaved badly. Pa had died four years before Joe, and two years after M'randy, who lived to be twenty-six. I do not think there ever was a daughter so shrined in a mother's heart and made so brilliant and beautiful. I never tired hearing her praises, and often coaxed the busy old soul to walk with me down to the "pint" and read the damp, moss-grown tombstones, half buried in rank grass and wild-rose bushes. She told me—and I soon saw it myself—that Billy's chores were of his own contriving. He had the spirit of his grandmother—he could not be idle. Of course, there were little things for him to do, but the earning his board was a sentence his stepfather had said when he told Seth he would not take the child, suggesting that surely on the island Billy could be made to earn his board. I could imagine how the sensitive little heart brooded over the cruel words, and how he tried in his childish way to solve the weary problem of life.

I was daily touched by his devotion to the mother who cared so little for him; he followed her about like a dog; he watched her with big, adoring eyes; he treasured the waste trash she flung him; he listened entranced to her singing; he was wild with delight if she sent him on an errand to the Bay—for he could handle a boat well—but I know she kept him waiting for hours in the boat at the wharf, and once forgetting him entirely, rowed home with Jones, who, with some sense of shame, went back for the faithful lad. He found him waiting where she told him, though his thin clothes were drenched by sea-fog and his teeth chattering with cold. When she passed Billy he would often stroke her dress, and many times she told him to keep his dirty paws off her, though I knew he washed his hands so constantly, the knuckles were quite sore. Sometimes she put cheap cologne on him, and how proud he was! One day she painted his cheeks and curled his hair on her tongs. He looked funny enough, but would not allow a change in her improvements, crying bitterly when the curl came out of his straight, white hair. She amused herself with him idly enough; she cared no more for his beautiful love than for the Summer glory of the sea. Both were beyond her. She thirsted for flattery, and cared for no one but herself and her silly vanity.

One day a change came. A schooner-rigged fishing-boat appeared on the blue horizon, discovered by the spyglass—Gamma's close companion when the good son was away. She told me then, with more joy than I had supposed was in her nature, that Seth was coming home. He arrived safely in a dingy, ill-smelling boat, loaded down with cod and steered by a round-faced boy—a distant relative, and the captain's only crew. Seth, a big, bearded giant in overalls, jumped ashore, kissed his mother and Billy, and shook hands with me. The cousin, on seeing a stranger, seemed to sink into his clothes with confusion.

After that day the shores were covered with wooden frames, two or three feet above the ground, on which the cod were laid to dry after being salted. Seth's boat was small but seaworthy, and could go far "outside," where the big fish most do congregate. His cheerful presence made a difference in the house, and Mrs. West sang no more songs, though she had Billy row her over to the Bay almost every afternoon on the pretense of

getting letters. Jones never came to the island at all now, but somehow Seth heard the stories afloat. A fisherman told him of the patient child waiting at the wharf, hungry and forsaken, the long Summer days, and some woman with a bolder tongue repeated gossip and slander. One night Seth, very white and stern, took Billy from the boat—he had just rowed his mother home—and forbade her taking the child away again. Not long after that, Mr. West, a small, quiet man, came, staid a day or two, during which time he smoked a pipe on the back steps and said, "That's slightly, by gosh!" at regular intervals, besides taking Billy to task about working for his living, so he should not be a burden.

The day they departed was painful to us all for Billy's sake. In the bustle of packing, his mother took little notice of his wistful, tear-wet face, and once or twice pushed him from her impatiently. She barely said Good-by to Gamma and me, though Mr. West was very cordial, inviting me out to make his folks a visit when he got the "cl plastered." Billy followed his mother to the boat, carrying her shawl-strap and heavy valise. He had washed his face and combed his white hair, besides donning his best clothes and the shoes that hurt his feet used to freedom. I was angry with that woman, so destitute of mother love that she could not see his misery. Jones was on the boat, and came ashore to take her things. She followed him, when Billy ran to her, crying piteously, "Kiss me good-by, mother; you've furgot me!" She turned and kissed him hastily, flinging off rudely his clinging little arms. He waited in strange quiet till the steamer was out of sight, then he stole away. She had seemed so bright and beautiful, coming into the monotony of his life. Her perfumes, her gay gowns, her laughter and singing were all so different, so wonderful to him. There had been little change in his quiet childhood, and only the companionship of sober, hard-working people. Early he had learned the lesson of toil and economy, and the color and brightness that children love had been unknown to him. But she—the silken rustle of her gowns, the glitter of her false jewels, her curls, her red cheeks, her rude fun, were all so delightful to him. Then, she was his mother; he had been a baby in her arms. His father, buried in Boston—that seemed from her talk to be a fairy-land—had been loving and kind—had not talked like Mr. West about board and work.

"He's allus that way when she goes," said Gamma, sorrowfully; "he wun't come home nor eat, an' we has ter let him cry it out."

Late that night Seth and I went to look for the child. We found him lying in the dory in which he used to row her to the Bay. He was in a sort of stupor from grief, and would not speak to us. Seth carried him, and I followed with something the child had held in his hot little hand. When Gamma was trying to make the stubborn month take some milk, I called Seth to the parlor and showed him what I had found. A tintype of Jones and Mrs. West taken together. Billy had carefully scratched the man's face from the picture, though his mother's face was uninjured.

"A child can see, too," said Seth, sadly; "he knowed it, the honest little heart, and he hated the villain. I don't know what may come of it, but she ain't fit to be his mother. He ain't no child, Billy ain't; he's old 'fore his time, and queer—more of heaven than earth in him. There's a lesson in that pictur, and if she'd a soul fit to save I'd send it to her. But the little old man's too set on it. He'd break his heart grieving for it."

It was much pleasanter at the island after Mrs. West was gone, and Billy was my little shadow now. At last my holiday was over, and I went back to work in Boston. Often in the months that followed I received quaint, painfully written letters from Gamma, telling me of lonely days and dismal nights, when hoarse winds roared in from the sea. Seth had gone to Newfoundland, to the dread fishing-banks that have brought death and desolation to so many hearts, and Billy was graver than he used to be, sitting by the fire, and talking in his strange old way of his mother and me. Sometimes people rowed over from the Bay, and told sad stories of trouble between Mrs. West and her husband, for Jones had gone to W—.

One cold March night—shall I ever forget it?—Mrs. Brooks, my landlady, rushed up to my room in great excitement, to tell me a policeman was at the door inquiring for me. I went down quaking with fear. What had I done to offend the law?

"SORRY to skeer ye, mum," said the man, awkwardly; "it beats all how wimmen is set agin a perlice. I was sent here from the depot. This 'ere little shaver got off the train by hisself, an' was so lost like I asked him where he belonged, an' he give me this letter directed to you, so I brings him here."

He thrust forward into the lighted hall a queer, trembling figure clad in ill-fitting, old-fashioned clothes and cap—Billy, white-faced and wide-eyed, with an odd, stunned look.

"I—I—know him," I said; "but how on earth did he get here?"

"Dunno, mum; he don't seem ter be hisself—sorter shocked by somethin'; but old—Lord! he's old. Says as we come along, 'Be these the streets of the New Jerusalem, them lights an' all?' Gosh! I says it's Bosting. Took me for a soldier, the little cuss; kep' up 'sider me all the way; told about you and his granmarm and Uncle Seth, but never sed a word 'bout how he got here. Hain't no money on him, but the queerest truck fur a boy to carry I ever see. Guess the conductor on the train thought he belonged to somebody, and didn't ask for no fare."

"Billy, don't you know me?" I asked, stooping to take off his damp coat.

"Yessum; I hope you're well, an' me here wun't be no put out. Mebbe I kin do a few chores 'bout the house whilst I stay. Don't put yerself out; I kin set anywhere."



"Old as the hills!" ejaculated the policeman. "Wanted to know if a fire-engine wa'n't the vengeance of the Lord. Wal, I've got him safe. No, mum, no pay for me. Got a kid of my own—not like him, though—my boy's a child. Don't know what his mother would do if he was a little old creatur like him."

At the word *mother* Billy gave a pitiful cry, "I'm tired, Miss Willey," and before I could catch him he had fainted in a heap at my feet. Mrs. Brooks and I carried the child up to my room and put him to bed, while the policeman ran for a doctor. When the latter came I told him the little I knew of the case, and he looked very grave and anxious.

"He has too much brain," the doctor said, "and possibly in his runaway excursion has received some dreadful shock."

We labored all night to bring Billy out of the stupor, but in vain. The next day I sent a substitute to school in my place, making up my mind to stay by the child if I lost my position. I telegraphed to a clergyman in Linnekin's Bay to tell the old grandmother where Billy was, knowing her worry and sorrow.

For a long week the little boy lay motionless and senseless. In that time I never left him. I wrote to his mother, but received no reply. This I laid to the carelessness of her nature; she might feel badly, but probably had no desire to shut herself up in a sick-room. The eighth day of Billy's arrival a stranger called on me, and sent up his card—"Mr. Price." I went down, and met a civil-spoken man, who seemed ill at ease. After some vague conversation he handed me the very letter I had written Mrs. West.

"I might as well tell you the truth," he said, in a low tone, "for I know all about you and your ignorance of the whole affair. In fact, I don't believe you read the daily papers."

"Mrs. Brooks does not take one, and I have been too busy with a sick person to have time to go buy a paper, though I generally try to keep up with the times."

"Quite right," he said. "Now, that sick child is the son of Mrs. West by a former husband. We will come to that, however. If you had read the daily papers, you would have seen that on the evening of the 23d of March, between half-past six and seven o'clock, Levi West, a tailor of W—, was foully murdered, struck down with some heavy weapon and then shot. His house was isolated from the village, and the murder might have been undiscovered for a week had it not been for a child. This boy arrived on the five o'clock train from Boston; he was a bright, odd little fellow, and a motherly woman, seeing him wandering about the streets near her house, asked him if he were lost. He said Yes, and that he had come to W— to see his mother, the wife of Levi West. She directed him, giving him some food that he ate as he went along. In the evening, after supper, it being a pleasant night, she and her husband—who wanted some work done, mending a vest I think—took a walk out to West's house. She was afraid the child might not have found the way. When they were a mile from the tailor's house, about half-past six they place the time, they were startled by a shot. It was quite dark, and they quickened their steps. When they were almost in the stream of light that came from a window in the house something passed them, and the good woman was sure it was the child she had directed. He was running very fast, but seemingly with no sense—more like a sleep-walker. He did not notice their calls, but disappeared in the darkness. No one answered their knock, and they opened the house-door. In the inner bedroom they found the tailor dead on the floor. He had been struck with some weapon, and evidently had staggered from the kitchen, where a table was set, to the bedroom, for there was a trail of blood. In the bedroom he was shot, for a pistol lay on the floor with one barrel empty."

"Whom do they suspect?" I gasped, sick and faint.

"His wife and a man named Jones. I have come to question this child; his evidence, I am sure, can free or convict his own mother—most likely the latter. Tell me all you know of the family."

I told him as cautiously as I could about my Summer on the island, and then led him up to my room. His eyes were dim when he saw the little figure on the bed—the straight white hair, the pinched face with the old, old look, and the firm mouth locked for all time.

"What cruel fate," I cried, "could lead him to that place at that time!"

"I hate to do it," whispered the detective, "but, miss, I must search his clothes; there may be something that will help us."

I brought him the queer-shaped pants, fashioned by Gamma's loving hands; the overcoat, made out of Seth's pea-jacket and lined with Gamma's gown; the waist, scarf and home-made cap. It seemed wicked to touch the little clothes. There was only a pair of homely mittens and a crust of bread in the coat-pockets. In the waist was a queer-pictured handkerchief she had bought him one day at the Bay. It had never been used, and was wrapped in tissue-paper. In the pants was the broken tintype, Jones scratched off, but, pitiful to see, Mrs. West's face quite perfect; a bit of dirty ribbon—hers were always soiled—a piece of one of her gowns, shreds of lace, a brass hairpin and a bit of a comb, all wrapped in one of her old handkerchiefs.

"What queer truck for a kid to carry!" said Price.

The trash she left; and the old grandmother wrote me that in the Fall housecleaning she found many such little hoards hidden away by the child and she left them sacred.

"I must keep the picture," said Price, sadly; "there wa'n't no likeness in the house of her. It's rough to take it from him and use it to find her."

I protested in vain. He told me, to destroy it

would be to aid and abet a murder; and I was powerless. "Besides," he said, "though she and Jones have disappeared, they may be able to prove an alibi."

When Price was gone I went to the bed, and I saw Billy's eyes were full of tears, while his little hands were tightly clinched. I begged him to tell me if he were conscious and realized what had happened; but he would not reply or open his mouth again. Then it was, with much asperity in her voice, Mrs. Brooks came to inform me I must go, and take Billy away. The whole city was ringing with the murder, and the child being in her house would ruin her business, besides having policemen and detectives hanging around all the time, and no one could stand that. I had to admit the justice of her remarks, and I promised her, as soon as it was safe, I would move Billy to another place. Then she said with much scorn that another "disrespectable person" waited in the hall to see me. This time I found a stout man, looking like a sailor, and very shy and awkward. He told me in a whisper that Billy had rowed over to the Bay and hid in the coasting schooner the *Mary Jane*, and when the voyage was half over had been discovered by this sailor, who was persuaded not to tell the captain. When in port the sailor had taken the child to the depot and paid for a ticket for him to W—.

"He clean won me over, miss," said the sailor. "He said he was goin' on to take keer of his ma, for he'd he'r'n what folks sed 'bout her, an' bein' her son, was goin' to stan' by her. He give me a lot of queer talk 'bout some Egypt woman, Hagger, that wa'n't properly married to a Bible prophet, a-wanderin' in a desert along of her son Isaac, or John; fergot which name, mebbe Israel—some of them Scriptur characters—an' this son took keer of her an' fetched her out all right. I tell you, miss, what ails Billy—it's too much religion. Gamma Lithcoe hes red him Bible, an' sot out them events till that old hed of his is full of queer schemes all the time. Told me 'bout Jonah clear's preachin'. Sed if a storm come up an' the *Mary Jane* was goin' to be wrecked, it was 'cause he was wicked to steal off, an' I must leave him overboard. Now, miss, them ideas ain't healthy for no pussen. Sed he wouldn't drown, but a whale would take him to land. B'lieved it, too. Lucky we'd fair weather, or I think he'd throwed himself overboard. Now, miss, I've he'r'n of the murder, an' fearin' I might do harm by talk an' sitch, I've jest tuk a berth on a Liverpool ship that sails at ebb tide. I've come round to tell you this—knowned where you lived from a letter the child hed. I'd like to peek in an' say good-by to him, for I'm thinkin' he wun't last another 'yage."

He followed me up to Billy's room, looked at the motionless figure with dim eyes, then stooped and pressed the tiny fingers in his big, bronzed hand. "Seems like he gave me a grip," he whispered; "I could a-swore to the same; but mebbe you're right, an' he don't know nuthin'."

He went away quietly, bidding me good-by with a choke in his voice. I like to think of him, and I hope that the kindest winds of Heaven may favor his voyage through life, till he drops anchor in eternity.

The next day Gamma and Seth came. How quaint she looked in her scant black gown and pumpkin hood, the latter wadded and heavy, such as I had heard my mother tell about. Over her cloth gaiters were a pair of Seth's blue yarn socks so she wouldn't slip, and on her shoulders was a fine broadcloth cape, an heirloom in the family.

Seth, big and noble-looking, would attract kindly interest anywhere, despite his rough and old-fashioned clothes. The sick child hardly noticed their coming, and even the doctor could not tell if he knew us. Detectives came often to try to make the child tell his story, but in vain, and after a reward was offered for the capture of the murderers, I think Billy would have been tortured to death by men in their eagerness to make him talk, but the doctor interfered. Mrs. Brooks thawed into some friendliness after Gamma came, and they discussed knitting together very sociably; in fact, my landlady made little dainties for Billy, but he could not eat. She said he was not to blame for his mother's crime, and even denied herself her prerogative of slamming doors, for all sounds frightened him so.

Seth and I took care of Billy, for Gamma was too feeble to do anything but sit by him a while in the daytime. I had resigned my position as teacher, though Seth had begged me not to darken my life with the shadow that had come upon them; but I loved Billy, and would not have left him for the world. One night, when I could not sleep, I joined Seth in his watch. I remember, as we sat by the bed, that the child's eyes were brighter than usual. He had not spoken since he came, but we could tell his wants by his motions. I went to him, and he beckoned Seth to the other side of the bed; then he took our hands in his frail little fingers and placed them in each other. He had read with his wise eyes the secret in our hearts.

"He means for me to love and care for you, Clara," said Seth, and I, poor old maid, lonely and unloved, burst into a fit of crying. No one had called me Clara for many, many years.

"I have loved you from the first," Seth said, still holding my hand; "if you were my wife, I would try to make you happy. Your life is lonely and sad, mine is poor and monotonous, but we would love each other."

"And Billy will be well and a child again," I cried, "he will forget all the trouble, and our home on the island will be the happiest in the world." But Billy only smiled a pitiful little smile, as if he knew as well as we did that the old home would never see him more.

A day later a swarthy foreign woman brought me a letter. Alone, guided by this stranger, I was to meet Mrs. West. I dared not tell Seth or my mother, but I made my mind to go, for she might tell me something that would help us understand the child's illness; I had even a hope that she was not guilty. I put on a black veil and shawl, and followed the woman down into dark streets, past filthy tenements, where frightful-looking people glared at us from smoke-stained windows; past saloons where men, women, and even children, were drinking, and where mothers with babies in their arms staggered into the night with foul words and curses. I went through narrow lanes where the sunlight never came, and then I descended a steep flight of steps into a cellar. I

write this calmly now, but my terror was extreme, for I had never before ventured into the slums of a great city.

On a dirty mattress in the corner was the woman I had grown to loathe. She was still in her cheap finery and gaudy jewelry, but was unkempt and haggard. She had been drinking, but her stupidity was caused by something else, and I understood now her "queer days," as she used to call them at the island—she was an opium-eater.

"I ain't goin' ter say nuthin' 'bout me," she said, roughly, "that ain't what you come for. I s'pose you thought you'd git the disgrace off us an' Billy. Tain't no use; me an' Lev' hed been fightin' all day—did ev'ry day—but that day was wuss. In the midst of it, Charlie, who'd bin hidin' in the neighborhood, come in, an' him an' Lev' hed a set-to. Charlie hit Lev' over the head with a cheer, an' then him an' me run out. We started to gather up the truck to take away with us, an' Charlie went up-stairs to git some things out of a trunk, an' I began to hunt in the bureau for Lev's wallet, when I sees in the looking-glass him a-creepin' up behind me, his eyes glarin', his face all blood, an' his mouth tryin' ter speak. He hed the ax an' was tryin' in a weak way to raise it. I was skeered clean crazy; there was a revolver lyin' in the drawer, an' I grabbed it quick, an' fired it off, an' Lev' fell dead at my feet. Then I heered a awful cry, an' right in the door, lookin' at me, wuss'n a angel with a flamin' sword, wuss'n all the police or dead risen from their graves, wuss'n that awful creatur a-creepin' up behind me, was that child—my own child, that I knowed was safe to the island. Now I sent to you for you to tell if that was Billy or a ghost. That child's face hants me day an' night. I'll go clean crazy if I don't know. He never sed no word after he screeched, but give me a awful look an' was gone."

I told her about Billy's coming, and that he was very ill. She listened composedly, saying she was glad he was near death, for he wouldn't blab. She had a senseless idea her presence would make him less liable to tell, and said she could frighten him into silence; but I told her he was quiet, and I knew would not speak, and I promised her, if he would consent to see her, I would place a lamp in the window when it was safe to come. Accidentally I mentioned the tintype, and she flew into the most frightful passion, and I really had to hurry out of the room for fear she would do me violence. The next night I asked Billy if he would see her, but he turned his face to the wall, and by his strange, hard expression, I knew that he had ceased to care for her. I did not put the lamp in the window, but I don't think she came near the house at all.

The doctor had told the police that he thought the child was conscious, and was actually shamming to avoid answering their questions, and after that a detective was constantly in the room; but no matter how adroitly he talked, Billy did not break his silence. He made no sign even when they told him his mother was in jail; she never was, but died miserably in a Colorado mining camp a year later. As for Jones, I never knew what became of him. Every effort was made to find both, but they were too shrewd.

Billy had been sick three weeks, when, one sunny April afternoon, Seth woke me from a nap and told me the child was dying. Gamma was sitting by the bed, and Mrs. Brooks was standing behind her. Price, with bowed head, sat in a far corner of the room. Billy's eyes were bright, and he seemed full of a nervous energy. He pointed to his little clothes, and we made out that he wanted his treasures burned. He looked on, as they vanished into smoke, with the hard, strange look. His love for his mother was gone, and I think a fear and loathing had taken its place. He turned then to the faithful old soul beside him.

"Gamma," he said, quietly, his voice strong and clear, a half-elfish look on his face to think how long he had deceived us all. "I kin jest hear the tide a-rippin' down ter the pint where them's buried." He seemed to listen for a while, his dreamy eyes on her face; then he looked at Seth and me. "I guess I hain't mused your things much, Miss Willey," he said, pitifully.

"Billy, Billy," I sobbed, "don't talk like that. I cannot do enough for you."

"Uncle Seth will pay ye for all; he is a honest man," he said, with pathetic faith and pride. "I'm sorry if I a-burt yer business, missis," he went on, looking at Mrs. Brooks; "it's one of them things that can't be helped, an' I'm goin' away quiet."

"You little old creatur!" she cried; "you wa'n't never no trouble at all. You could stay here allus."

He looked at the doctor and Price quizzically. "I'm a little boy, but I'm old," he said; "you two couldn't make me talk, nor all the world." I think that they were secretly glad he had outwitted them, but the doctor, meaning well, said Billy must confess, or he would not go to heaven; but the little, earnest face never quivered.

"Gamma an' me," he said, in his quaint, old way, "knows all 'bout heaven. There wa'n't no minister on the island, nor no meetin'-house, so we jest found the way ourselves out of a book." He was quiet a long time, failing rapidly; then he turned his bright eyes on the only mother he had ever known. "Gamma," he said, piteously, feeling that in his love for the unworthy woman he had neglected her—"Gamma, it was you I loved best; you was good."

"You dear lamb!" she whispered. "An' you'll see pa, your grandfather, an' Joe, and M'randy, fust, fore poor old me."

"I was allus old," he smiled; "mebbe I was older'n you, after all!" After a long silence his face changed, glowing with that wondrous inward light. "I see the shining shore," he muttered, and with the words of the old hymn she and he had sung many a lonely Winter night in their home by the sea, he drifted away beyond our ken.

My few friends thought I was quite crazy when I sold my limited possessions and went with Seth and Gamma to the island. An old lawyer, who had always been kind to me, rebuked me sharply when I drew out all my savings and gave them to Seth, when I married him, a month later. With my money Seth bought a half-interest in a fishing-schooner, and he is captain now. I suffer in storms and gales, walking the floor in agony, but Gamma wakes to comfort me. She says, "Pa allus came home safe; not all goes down to sea, an' pa died in his bed peaceful, an' sleeps sicker M'randy an' him." The him is Billy; for he is never out of her thoughts.

Seth always comes home safe, thank God! and is prospering, and insists on repaying what he is pleased to call "my loan." "I'm like the brave little soul who always wanted to earn his board," he says.

And then I think of the quaint, small figure, the tired face, the old, old ways; and many a time, at the edge of day, it seems as if I could almost see, at the wave-swept point, my little old man looking out to the sunset light.

# PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. MCGLYNN says "the Pope wears an old shovel hat that is about five hundred years behind the fashion."

ARCHIBALD FORBES is much better, and will spend the Winter in Washington, instead of going further south.

REV. MR. BERRY, of London, to whom the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has been offered, has not yet signified his acceptance.

THE SON of M. de Lesseps repeats the promise that the Panama Canal will be opened in February, 1890, and that no further loan for the canal will be required.

REV. DR. MCCOSH has resigned the Presidency of Princeton College. He will leave the institution in an unprecedentedly healthy state, intellectually, morally and religiously.

AT the sale of the late Henry Ward Beecher's bronzes and other artistic effects, last week, the bronze inkstand habitually used by him was bought by Congressman S. V. White for \$100.

MRS. CLEVELAND, wife of the President, was present, last week, at the opening of the Seaside Institute, or clubhouse for workmen, at Bridgeport, Conn., erected by Dr. D. V. Warner at a cost of \$100,000.

EDWARD GREY'S "A Captive of Love," has been translated into German by Hans Werner (Herr A. Hensel), and published under the title of "In Liebesbanden," by a Stuttgart and Leipzig publishing house. The German critics praise it very warmly.

SIR HENRY RAIKES, Premier of New South Wales, landed as an impoverished young man at Melbourne. He began his career in the great English colony as a maker of toys. His origin was humble, but his energy has given him a position which virtually controls everything in his adopted country.

MATTHIAS SPILITLOG is the suggestive name of a wealthy Indian railway-builder. He began business on a capital of fifty cents, borrowed an ax and went to work cutting wood for steamboats at twenty-five cents a cord. At this low rate of pay he laid up money, and to-day owns a railroad, several blocks of land in Kansas City, and a number of silver mines.

SIGNOR CRISPI, the Italian Premier, is an indefatigable worker. He has been known, after a whole day's fatiguing labor in court at Palermo, to take a steamer and arrive at Naples in time to discuss an important case there next morning; then go by train to Rome and make next day a powerful speech on some great subject before Parliament; and then take a train for Venice, where the next day he would sit as Judge in the Court of Marine Arbitration.

MR. WM. O'BRIEN, the Irish leader, resisted successfully the attempt of the authorities of the Tullamore Jail to clothe him in the garb of a convict. He was, however, by way of punishment, placed on a diet of bread and water. One night last week, when a crowd of 8,000 persons assembled in front of his jail, accompanied by bands of music playing "God Save Ireland," Mr. O'Brien appeared at one of the windows, and waved his handkerchief enthusiastically.

THE French Ministry has consented to the investigation of M. Wilson's connection with the Caffarelli scandal. Evidence so far elicited goes far to prove M. Wilson's complicity in the disreputable transactions, and Paris is greatly excited by the disclosures. General Caffarelli positively denies that he ever received a farthing for the Legion of Honor decorations he procured for other persons; but the testimony shows that he was cognizant of the promises made by applicants to pay for them.

DR. MCGLYNN announces his intention of going abroad at an early date. As he has frequently remarked in his speeches, his expulsion from a single parish has made the whole world his parish; and he intends to visit Great Britain and deliver there a series of addresses on economic questions—especially in England and Scotland. He does not expect to go to Rome, except in the event of receiving what he considers due invitation from the Church authorities there, accompanied with reparation for his unjust condemnation.

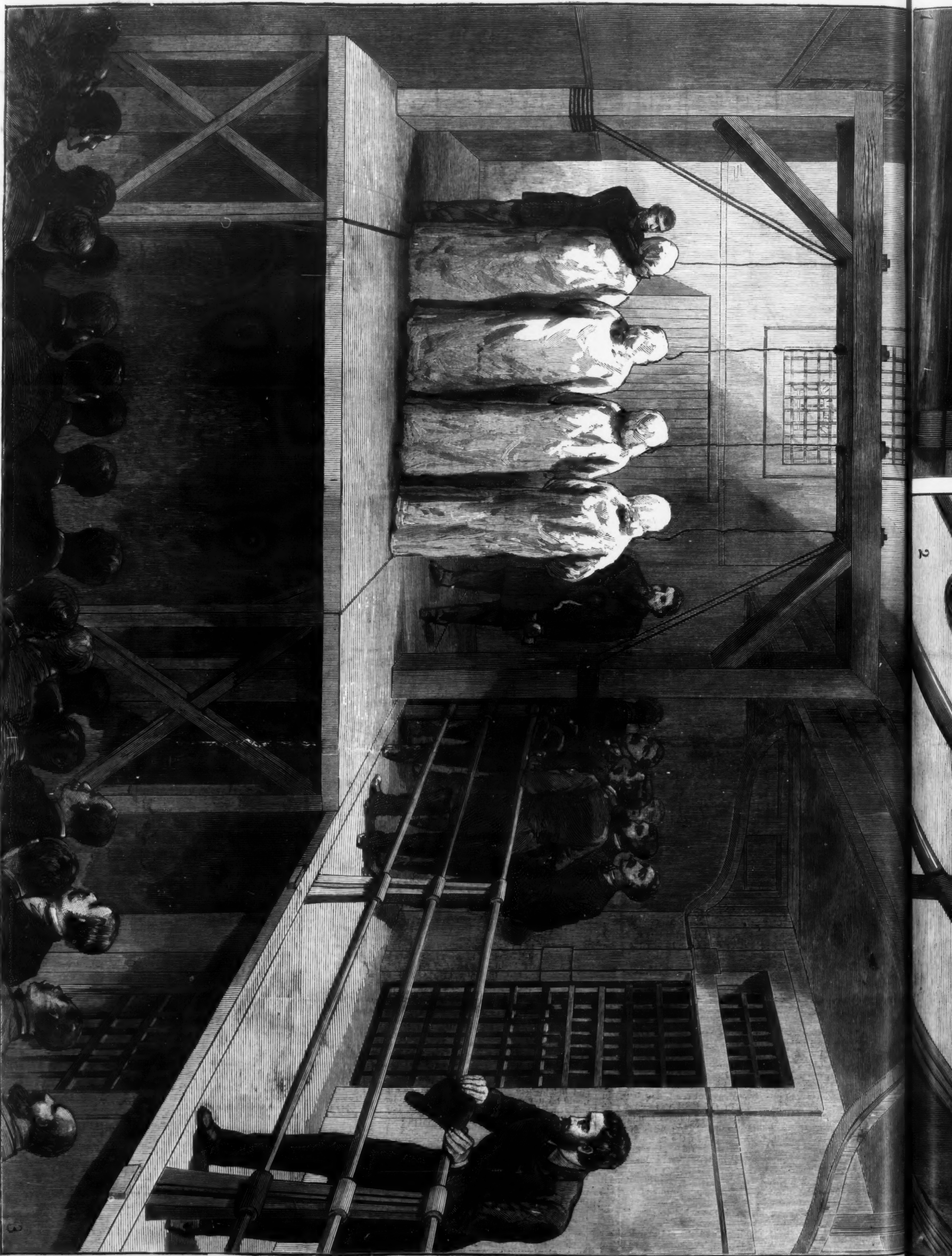
THE death of Mr. John Ryle, of Paterson, N. J., well known as "the father of the silk industry of America," is announced. Mr. Ryle a few months ago went to Europe, and after spending some time in Paris and Italy in company with his daughter, went to Bollington, near Macclesfield, England, the place of his birth. At this place he celebrated his seventieth birthday on October 22d last, and received numerous congratulatory messages from his friends in this country. He died suddenly on the 6th instant. He had been for 47 years engaged in the silk manufacture at Paterson.

REV. DR. R. S. STORRS, of Brooklyn, has accepted the Presidency of the American Board of Foreign Missions in a letter in which he condemns the theory of probation after death. "Nothing," he says, "could be more conspicuously absurd than to expect the Board in its corporate action to authorize a theory which most of its members thus far believe to be only an attractive, but a delusive, human speculation, with no basis in the Scriptures and forming no part of the divine message which came to our fathers from the bleeding and kindly hands of the Church."

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M. P., who has just arrived in this country in connection with the Fisheries Conference, is 61 years of age. At 39 years of age he retired from the screw-making factory founded by his father, with an income of \$100,000 a year. He has been married twice, but is now a widower. He belongs to what in England is called the "upper middle class," and in his religious faith is a Unitarian. He is above medium height, well-built, with dark-gray eyes and short whiskers. He dresses well and stares through a single eyeglass. He will spend some two months in this country, studying our institutions, after the conclusion of his official mission.

THE reports received last week from San Remo, on the Riviera, where the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany has been sojourning for some weeks past, make only too apparent the doom of the illustrious patient. Dr. Mackenzie now admits that the recurring growth in the throat is cancer, and deprecates an operation as both dangerous and useless. A consultation of physicians was held last Thursday, but an effective examination of the Crown Prince's throat was impossible, owing to the swelling of the larynx. It was decided that the patient should return at once to Berlin, with his doctors. He is composed, and apparently in good health, though he is compelled to refrain almost entirely from using his voice.





1. PARSONS SINGING IN HIS CELL. 2. THE MARCH TO THE SCAFFOLD. 3. DRAWING THE GAVES OVER THE PRISONERS' FACES, JUST BEFORE THE FALL OF THE TRAP.  
 THE LAW VINDICATED.—FOUR OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS PAY THE PENALTY OF THEIR CRIME—SCENES IN THE COOK COUNTY JAIL BEFORE AND  
 AT THE MOMENT OF THE EXECUTION.  
 FROM SKETCHES BY W. L. E. CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 219.







## HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—ANOTHER AT BOBUNQUEDUNK.

IT was the next day but one after the departure of Mrs. Gorton from Bobunquedunk. The stage from the railroad station had only one passenger. He was a gentleman who looked worried and annoyed, tired and cross, and of whom the stage-driver made the remark to himself that he looked as though he was likely to get more genuine good out of a short sojourn at their pleasant Summer resort than most of the visitors there did. He certainly needed rest and recreation, if one might judge from appearances. He chose to ride on the seat with the driver, and he soon showed himself full of an anxious curiosity regarding the sort of place and the manner of people he might expect to find.

"I suppose you know every one in Bobunquedunk?" he asked of the driver, a little old man with a shrewd and cunning face.

"I suppose I ought to," said the driver, in reply, "seeing that I was born there, and that I haven't been further from there than this daily drive takes me in all the years I have lived."

"I didn't mean the people who live there; I meant those who spend the Summer there."

The driver appeared displeased at the remark made by his passenger.

"There's more genuine manliness and womanliness among those who live there than there is among those who only come for a little time; there's always scandalous goings on—I call 'em scandalous—and there seems to be more of it this Summer than I ever knew before."

The stranger seemed amused and interested.

"Who are they who are getting themselves talked about the most?" he asked.

"Well, there's a widow, only they say she has a husband or two living, and that she's being courted by several other men; she has seemed to make the little town as lively as any one. There's a colonel—only I don't think he ever got near enough a battlefield to hear the thunder of the heaviest artillery—who pretends to know something about almost everything while he really knows almost nothing of anything. He's been following that woman around, for a very long time, as regularly and constantly as though some one had hired to him to do so. Some say that they are engaged to marry one another—though just how a widow with a husband or two living is going to do any more marrying right off is a thing I'm rather too dull and old-fashioned to quite understand; some say, if they aren't engaged to be married—they ought to be; and some say the colonel is a detective, that he's only watching the woman, and that some one is paying him big money to do it—though how he ever manages to be smart enough to deserve any pay for any service which depends on smartness is one of the things I can't understand. I—"

"I guess I don't care to hear anything more of the widow and the colonel," said the tired-looking passenger; "I don't think I'm much interested in them. There are a few questions I'd like to ask, and—"

"Go ahead! I suppose when a man pays his fare he's entitled to ask all the questions he chooses. Maybe you won't find me as well posted as you could wish. I am a rambling sort of talker; never did take much to the methods used by lawyers in examining witnesses; and always find myself instinctively keeping back all the information I conveniently can when any one comes at me in that way. But go ahead!"

"I am sure I beg your pardon," the stranger said, in a conciliatory tone of voice; "I am so much interested in one or two persons down at Bobunquedunk that I quite forgot how important it may be to me to know something about all those who live there. Please go on, and in your own way."

"I will," said the verbose driver, quite pleased again; "and aside from your own particular friends there, quiet people, I doubt not, whose names I have forgotten, you won't find a person more likely to arrest attention and arouse interest than the lady I was speaking of—Mrs. Thomas Gorton."

"Mrs.—Thomas—Gorton?"

"That's what I said. Do you know her?"

"Yes, I do."

"Maybe she's one of the very persons you're so much interested in?"

"Perhaps she is."

"Well, I declare! Who would have thought it? Are the rest of your friends down there persons of her style? She's not one of the kind of persons whose name is ever forgotten by anybody. How about the rest of the folks you know?"

"Well, you see," began the stranger, slowly, "she is—in fact—the only—"

"The only one in Bobunquedunk with whom you are acquainted. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"I—I never like to hurt any one's feelings. I certainly beg your pardon if I've hurt yours. You're not the lady's husband, are you?"

"No."

"I am glad of that. Perhaps you're one of her lovers?"

"Perhaps I am. Perhaps I am not. Perhaps it's none of your business. How do you know I'm not the lady's brother?"

"I don't know. How can I? Maybe you'd better be the lady's brother than her lover, as long as Colonel Carlos de Laishé is around."

"Is the colonel a dangerous man?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. He has the reputation of being an excellent shot, and of being

a man who, when there's thinking and acting to do, acts first and thinks afterwards."

The two men continued the conversation until Bobunquedunk was reached, but the part taken by the driver grew more and more prominent, more and more rambling and incoherent, and the interruptions made by the stranger shorter and shorter, less and less frequent, as the hurrying miles slipped behind them under the swift feet of the almost tireless horses.

"I declare," exclaimed the driver, as they dashed through the principal street of the little town, "there's one thing I quite forgot to tell you. Don't see how I came to forget it, either. It's surely important enough, and—"

"Well, let's have it now. What is it?"

"And I don't suppose any one can tell you where, unless it is the colonel; and I don't think for a moment that he will."

"Will what?"

"I told you what. Don't get angry. Tell you where, and—"

"Where what?"

"Why, the widow, you see—or, leastways, the woman who ought to be—that is, the woman who acts with so much freedom and self-confidence—is gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes."

"Left Bobunquedunk?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Two days ago."

"And has gone—where?"

"That's what I was telling you about. No one knows."

The stage drew up to the hotel-door. The stranger got out. He seemed relieved at being free from the stage and the driver at last.

He was saying something, quite too low to be audible, more than so far as a very few words were concerned. One might have thought him praying, only he wouldn't have commenced a prayer with the name of the individual so sharply hissed between his clinched teeth; he wouldn't invoke the aid of the arch-fiend, and— But hold! Perhaps he would. They have taken his valise out of the stage and set it upon the platform. I can see his name, where it is neatly painted upon it, despite the gathering darkness of evening. It is the name of Leonard Stannard.

The landlord is a man who means to be popular. He intends that all who honor Bobunquedunk with their presence shall be pleased and happy. To the stranger, he will be guide and friend. It may be that curiosity is accountable for a large percentage of his interest; it may be that meddlingness must be credited with a great share of the balance; I cannot say; I only feel sure that the landlord does not know such to be the facts; not only does not know, but does not guess. He will go to his grave, when he goes, full of a sublime faith in two propositions: the delusive belief that he was ever disinterestedly anxious for the welfare of another, and the fact-founded pride which ever asserts that none knew better than he how to keep a good hotel.

"Mr. Stannard, I believe?" said the landlord, when Mr. Stannard had finished his supper.

"That is my name."

"You have acquaintances here?"

"No; not any."

"You have simply heard of the unsurpassed beauty and healthfulness of Bobunquedunk; of its beach, its bathing, its drives, its streams, and—and—I may be pardoned for mentioning its hotel?"

"Certainly. The supper I have just eaten was simply perfection. Yes; I've heard of them all."

"Of course you'd like to make some acquaintances here? Some gentlemen with whom you can smoke and chat? Some ladies with whom you can dance, and—"

"Thank you; no ladies, if you please. I am too tired and worn out to care to feel the necessity of being interested and complimentary. Besides, I have business interests of such a character as will prevent my staying long. If I could meet a few congenial gentlemen, some men who would be willing to let a fellow smoke and think, when he pleased, instead of compelling him to talk, I'd be exceedingly glad to know them. Who are your most distinguished visitors here?"

"There comes one now. He's a thoroughgoing gentleman, and a capital fellow. Come down here to get a rest from his business cares; he does business in New York; and he straightway fell in love with one of the handsomest women here, unless—" and he let his voice fall to a whisper—"unless he knew her before, and was in love with her before."

"Ah! and her name?"

"Ethel Atherton."

"The belle of the place this season?"

"The belle—or her only rival. Undoubtedly the belle since Mrs. Gorton left us, two days ago."

"And he?"

"He's a perfect man. He has the physique of an athlete. He has an education which would be the pride of a philosopher. He's one of the shrewdest of all the speculators in Wall Street."

By this time the host and Mr. Stannard had reached the man of whom they had been speaking.

"Mr. Walldon," said the landlord, "let me introduce my friend Mr. Stannard."

Mr. Stannard held out his hand, and there was a smile on his lips as he spoke.

"Mr. Paul Walldon?" he asked. A negative answer would have been a disappointment to him. He would almost have resented a negative answer as an untruth.

There was that in the face of the strong and earnest-faced man before him which reminded him in a faint and shadowy way of the poor fellow whom he had seen borne into the waiting-room from the rear platform of the night

express. But the resemblance then, under the weak and shifting lights of the night-time, no matter what it would have been by sober and straightforward daylight, seemed but vague and indistinct. It was not to the almost tragedy of the night express that his memory went back as he stood smiling before this man, his hand held in his own, but to a later memory of a costly case from which skillful and well-paid detectives had retired baffled.

So, when he asked, "Mr. Paul Walldon?" he looked for an affirmative answer. He got it.

"I am Mr. Paul Walldon," was the reply.

"Of New York?"

"Yes."

"A successful Wall Street man?"

Paul smiled, sadly perhaps.

"They say so," he replied.

"I suppose I ought to ask your pardon then," he said, "for some unpleasantly inquisitive work that was done by my direction. Walldon isn't a very common name; Paul Walldon's a more uncommon combination still, of course. But there are at least two of you in the world—at least two."

Paul said nothing. He was wondering regarding the years when he was some one else—wondering how many there were then. If he—he—but no! God help him.

"One had an accident happen to him, or a murderous assault, and was in the house of a—a—an acquaintance of mine, for a time."

Sin is a strange thing. It is continually overreaching itself. Sudden uprightness and a faltering truthfulness do not unite with it into a homogeneous and unsuspected whole. I have no doubt that hundreds of other men, as wicked and unhesitatingly false as Leonard Stannard was, have stumbled over as simple a thing as the use of the lying designation "*friend*," and so have put innocence upon its guard. I can hardly guess what might, or might not, have happened, if Leonard Stannard's words had been as smoothly unscrupulous as his thoughts were.

"He disappeared one night," said the lawyer, carelessly, and lying as unconcernedly as he would have told the truth; "and we were a little curious to know why. Nothing very strange or mysterious about it," he continued, hurrying over the recital which he believed was uninteresting to his auditor, and giving a story as mild as invention could well make it, partly because of his unspoken thought that it was none of it in the least this Paul Walldon's business; "nothing remarkable to cause it: nothing remarkable resulting. But I advertised, and I found you. The detectives described you. It's wonderful how much alike two men of the same size and age and complexion can be. But—there were reasons why the Paul Walldon I sought could not be the Paul Walldon you are. So I gave you up."

"And gave him up at the same time?"

Mr. Stannard frowned.

"Possibly," he growled; "but I am charmed to meet you, all the same," he added, smilingly.

"Thank you. I am equally glad to meet you. I am much interested in the story you have told me. I am glad to understand you so well. I shall keep a sharp lookout for some chance to do a service to the Walldon of whom you are in search. Let me see; did you mention your address? Where can I write you, if I should find out anything about my namesake?"

"I've never given my home address in the matter. My advertisements have been inserted with directions to send answers in care of the paper. Address me in the care of any daily in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, or San Francisco, and I shall get it. I'm very anxious to find the young man."

"You seem to be. You'll probably run across him unexpectedly, some time, much as you did me to-night."

"Perhaps so. I hope so. Good-evening."

"Good-evening. Keep your eyes open. A man is as likely to overlook good fortune, when he has found it, as to fail to find it."

"You—you say this man is in love?" asked Mr. Stannard of the landlord, when they had passed a little beyond the place where they had met and talked with Paul.

"In love? He cannot bear to be out of the sight of Ethel Atherton."

"And he gave no attention to the other lady—the Mrs. Gorton who divided the honors of belle-ship with her?"

"He gave her no attention."

"That settles it," said the man to himself. I do not so much blame him. In his place, with his knowledge, I should have thought so, too. You may call it paradoxical, if you please, and I suppose you will, but I unhesitatingly assert—fully believing that the truth of it will become more and more your own as your heads grow gray and your hearts get wisdom—that the man has not made his success sure who has not resolved that he will always take into account the probability of the impossible!

Twenty yards further on they met Colonel de Laishé.

"Colonel de Laishé, permit me to present Mr. Stannard," said the landlord.

"I am delighted to meet you, colonel," said the one; "I have heard much of you which was very interesting to me. I expect to enjoy your acquaintance very much."

"The pleasure of meeting is mutual," said the colonel, warmly, "and I shall look for a mutual enjoyment from the acquaintance. I regret having to say, however, that I've never had the happiness of hearing of you before, Mr. Stannard."

Stannard was what he said, and Stannard was not the man to put himself at the disadvantage he would have been at had he corrected the colonel's mistake. The landlord had moved leisurely on by himself while these two men were exchanging their high-sounding and rather ridiculous greetings. He had time to get some distance

away before the colonel had quite naturally, if a little laughably, replied to the remarks which I cannot think Stannard meant as any less than a deliberate insult. So he could make no correction. Perhaps Fate was trying to make things pretty nearly even for Stannard, after all.

"Shall we walk down the beach, Mr. Stannard?" asked the colonel.

"Yes. By all means," replied Mr. Stannard.

"You smoke? Will you accept a cigar?"

"Thanks; yes. Will you go with us?" raising his voice a little to shout after the landlord.

That gentleman shook his head. He had some business to attend to. He had found out enough about his new guest, through his talk with Mr. Paul Walldon, to keep his thoughts busy and his imagination active for many days to come. He fully believed that he had done his full duty by Mr. Stannard. He felt that he had left him to the care of the most capable man in Bobunquedunk. He walked back to the hotel, serenely satisfied with himself and with all the world.

"I shall be here but a few days," said Stannard, gravely, "and I want to get as much out of my short stay as I can. Please be charitable enough to tell me all about everybody."

The colonel prefaced his remarks with the inevitable shrug.

"I know almost nothing," he replied; "of whom did you wish to hear?"

"Of no one in particular; of those I am likely to meet."

"Ethel Atherton, Lieutenant Preston, Mr. Walldon?"

"I've already met Walldon."

"Yes; I saw you speaking with him. Fortunate fellow that Walldon; luckiest man I ever knew; I always thought that."

"Lucky? Always? How long have you known him?"

"A good many years."

"In what is he lucky?"

"In a great many things. In all money matters. In love, and—"

"He is in love with Miss Atherton, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Has he known her long?"

"Certainly. He has known her almost as long as I have known him."

And again Leonard Stannard whispered to himself the lying conclusion, "That settles it." He had not learned the lesson of the inevitableness of the unguessed.

"She's nice?"

"Yes."

"He's a fine fellow?"

"Yes."

"They'll make a happy couple?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"So say I. They had some misunderstanding some time ago, and—"

"Since he's been here?"

"No."

"Since he's been making himself a name in Wall Street?"

"No."

"That settles it," said he to himself for a third time. And still he was uneasy and unsatisfied. Still some peculiarities of expression on the face of the man he had helped carry in from his long ride on the night express came before his mental vision to annoy him. Still the face of the man he had so recently met and conversed with seemed to come up before him, and on it seemed to dwell the same lines of thought—or ignorance, of suffering—or salvation, which had lain across the countenance of the almost dying passenger. "That settles it; I wish I could find an excuse for looking closely at the back of his head; but—that settles it." Such was the way in which his mind asserted the truth of what it believed it knew, only to deny it again in the light of what it felt was true nevertheless. That man is fortunate who has learned not to put too great reliance on the results of unimpeachable logic.

"They've made up the quarrel, I suppose?" asked Mr. Stannard. I don't suppose he cared whether they had or not. But talk helped kill time.

"Of course. And it has changed her so much. I remember Preston's asking me, about the time he came, something about her life having had a tragedy in it. Her face looked as though she had had, I can assure you. Preston knew her, long, long ago; he knew Walldon, too. He didn't know of their love for one another, though; that was an episode of the time when he was living elsewhere. But his quick eye saw she had had much trouble. You wouldn't guess it if you were to look at her now."

"That settles it!" Say that to your heart and to your brain, Leonard Stannard; and believe that it does. When was all this? Where was all this? Why was it all? What other troubles have come to Ethel Atherton? Who else has had ought to do with the tragedy of her past—her present—and her coming future? Who was Paul Walldon, in those days of old?

The colonel has told you much. He has been very free. He has been very frank. But there is so much, so very much, which he has not told. And only the All-Wise can safely summarize for humanity with the final and unqualified: "That settles it!"

(To be continued.)

### A "CRACKER" BARBECUE.

THE barbecue as a political factor is known in various sections of the United States, including enlightened Boston and commercial New York; but nowhere is the grand carnivorous festival so solemnly celebrated, or enjoyed with such Falstaffian gusto, as in the Cracker land of Georgia. There it may be said to partake, in a peculiarly literal sense, of the flavor of the soil. This will be more plainly apparent from a glance at the picture on page 220, which forms No. 3 of Mr. Joseph Becker's series of studies of Southern life and



scenery, the first two of which have appeared in our two preceding numbers.

The negro chef—whom we may suppose to be Charles Green, the Vatel of Cobb County—superintends the preparations, which begin on the day before the great feast. First, a formidable trench is dug, some fifty or sixty feet long, three feet deep, and three wide. This is half filled with logs, which are set on fire, and which, with frequent replenishment, burn all night, until the trench has a deep bed of live and glowing embers. A smaller trench is similarly filled, to serve as a reservoir of hot embers, which will be transferred to the larger one at critical periods of the operation of cooking. Across the trench, from one end to the other, are laid tough wooden poles, forming a gigantic grill, upon which are laid the carcasses of the oxen, sheep and pigs to be roasted. By this time the "gathering of the clans" is in progress; and the local "silver-tongues," "bald eagles," and "tall sycamores" mount the platform to sway the rod of political empire. The cook and his staff, however, easily hold their own against them in the matter of popularity with the hungry masses. Finally there comes a moment when the platform is deserted, even by the orators themselves. The meat is served up in huge chunks, upon rough pine tables, around which the eaters stand, two or three deep. There are no knives, forks, nor "fixings." Each man clutches a piece of meat in one hand and a piece of bread in the other, and eats against time. By way of a general condiment, there is a mixture compounded of butter, vinegar, pepper and salt, scientifically known as "basting," in which the roast is deluged before it is served. The concocting of this "basting" is one of the triumphs of the chef's art. He of Cobb County, discoursing to the visitors on the day that the sketch was made, declared: "Yo kin eat, an' eat, an' eat, an' neva git enough; an' when yo' does git enough, it don't make yo' sick. It am de basting dat does it."

One of the juvenile dorkies who are always hanging about the outskirts of a barbecue to pick up stray fragments replied contemptuously to the above eulogy: "Go 'long! Dat last barbecue, I eat nuffin' but one little piece o' pork, 'cause I done got sick; an' it war de vinegar in de bastin' what done it."

#### THE NAVY AT NEWPORT.

THE Autumn naval manoeuvres at Newport were brilliantly brought to a close, on Thursday of last week, by an attack of the entire North Atlantic Squadron upon the port. The naval brigade gallantly entered the harbor in the face of the terrific opposition of the guns of Fort Adams; but the marines failed to dislodge the land forces from their strong position on Coddington's Point, and were finally compelled to return to refuge in their boats, retreating in good order to their vessels. Such is the dry résumé of the operations, reduced to its simplest terms; but the great naval drama acted out on the sparkling blue waters, under the bright November sun, afforded an animated spectacle not easily forgotten, but difficult to describe. One of its most interesting phases is represented by the comprehensive and accurate picture on page 213.

Shortly after daybreak, the squadron had proceeded out to Brenton's Reef, to await the signal for entering the harbor. This was given from the flagship *Richmond*, about half-past eight. The *Richmond* led the van, the *Dolphin*, *Galena*, *Atlanta* and *Ossipee* steaming majestically after. The weather was brilliant, and crowds of spectators had gathered on Castle Hill and Brenton's Point. Four torpedo-boats preceded the fleet, endeavoring to pilot it through a clear channel amongst the blue signals which marked the location of submarine mines. As the *Richmond* came abreast Fort Adams, one of the heavy guns of that stronghold belched forth, and was answered by the ship, first with a broadside and then with the Gatlings in the tops. She got safely past the fort, and through the channel of submarine mines, then went to Coddington's Point to await the other vessels. The *Galena*, which was speedily fired upon from the fort, returned the fire with the best-disciplined work of the day. She speedily came to grief, notwithstanding; for, in endeavoring to pass the string of torpedoes, she touched one, and was to all practical purposes, blown up and sunk. The *Dolphin*, also, was theoretically blown up, and, after pouring her broadsides into the fort, passed on to join the *Richmond*. Meanwhile the decks were cleared of the dead and wounded, who presently went below and partook of a hearty dinner, previous to beginning active preparations for the landing of the naval brigade, which was to attack the northern land approaches to Newport. The troops from Fort Adams, including the mounted battery, together with some companies of blue-jackets and marines, made up the defense of this place. In the attacking party there were some 750 blue-jackets and marines, while the defense numbered about 650 all told.

The signal for landing was given from the flagship. The boats were lowered, and began pulling rapidly in an open column towards the beach. The fleet opened fire and swept the point with the great guns. On the beach a skirmish line was formed, and a moment later a line which stretched across Coddington's Point mounted the slope. A battalion of the defense was deployed rapidly forward on their left, and made a strong but unsuccessful effort to hold an advanced line running across the southern slope. The left battalion had, meanwhile, pushed along the northern slope to the railroad cut, and were throwing a skirmish line across it. But the mounted battery and right battalion of the latter had now silenced the guns which had hitherto swept the railroad cut, and their centre had already partly occupied it, repulsing the attack in great confusion. At the same moment the right of the attack came under an enfilade fire from a Gatling battery on Coaster's Harbor Island, and the whole line fell rapidly back towards their boats. The Gatlings of the attack checked the advance long enough to protect the embarkation, which was accomplished in a hurry. The boats, in "open order," moved out abreast, went well to the westward of the squadron, and moving by the right flank, rejoined their vessels.

#### THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

THE week leading up to the climax of the great tragedy of the anarchists' crime and explosion was one of extraordinary excitement for Chicago; and the whole country participated, in some measure, in the conflicting feelings of awe, pity and a stern satisfaction at the final operation of justice, inspired by the executions of Friday. The interest in the case was, indeed, international; for the petitions of French and English socialists were added to the innumerable appeals for mercy made by the friends of the seven condemned men at

home. A series of sensational events throughout the week tended to neutralize the effect of these appeals, and at the same time aroused the excitement of the public to the highest pitch. First of all, it became known that on the night of November 5th, George Engel, one of the anarchist prisoners, had attempted suicide by drinking a quantity of laudanum which he had kept concealed ever since his arrest. He was resuscitated, and saved for the gallows. The next day the cells of all the anarchists were searched, and in that of Louis Lingg were found four gas-pipe bombs, filled with dynamite, and concealed beneath a mass of papers in a box with a false bottom. How these bombs came into his possession is still a mystery.

On November 8th, Governor Oglesby, at Springfield, submitted to the extraordinary and trying ordeal of receiving in person a large company of the anarchists' relatives, friends and advocates, who argued and pleaded with him to exercise his prerogative in commuting the sentence of some of the condemned men, or of them all. On Thursday morning, the 10th, came the horrible suicide of Lingg. He had, as it appears, succeeded in concealing in his bushy hair, or elsewhere, one or two of the terribly powerful fulminating-caps used in exploding dynamite. Placing one of these in his mouth, he applied a lighted candle. The explosion followed, and the most desperate of the anarchists fell to the ground, with head, face and throat mutilated in a manner too shocking to be described. He lingered for several hours in frightful agony, retaining consciousness almost until he died, at 2:40 p. m.

Meanwhile, Governor Oglesby's decision had been telegraphed from Springfield. The sentence of two of the seven men under the shadow of death—Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab—had been commuted to imprisonment for life. In so much, after deep consideration, and no doubt after severe mental travail, the Governor of Illinois had ventured to modify the sentence of the law, in the interest of humanity. "As to all the other defendants," read the closing words of the decision, "I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the Court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of defendants August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that under the solemn sense of the obligations of my office I have been unable to do so."

So, on the eve of the day set for the execution, went out the last hope of the four remaining prisoners under the death-sentence—unless hope there might be for Parsons, in the final plea of Captain Black, who went to Springfield that night bearing to the Governor an humble petition. This, too, proved to be in vain. The parting interviews between Fischer and his wife, Engel and his daughter, Spies and his mother, and Nina Van Zandt, took place on the eve of the execution, and were extremely affecting. Mrs. Parsons did not come until the next morning, when, it being too late for her to obtain admission, she made a violent scene, and had to be carried away in a patrol wagon.

It was arranged to take all the condemned men out of their cells at seven o'clock and bring them to the jail-office, where they ate breakfast. They did not leave the office again until they were taken to the scaffold.

Parsons did not sleep much after four o'clock. He was very restless, in fact, and he tossed about on his cot like a man who was suffering from severe physical pain. The death-watch asked him once or twice if he needed anything, but he made no reply. The others, Spies, Fischer and Engel, slept soundly until late in the morning. The Rev. Dr. Bolton called at eight o'clock, but the condemned men refused his services—not unkindly, however. Fischer sang the "Marseillaise," and Parsons crooned a stanza or two of "Annie Laurie." Spies busied himself writing letters.

The anarchists were certainly consistent in "dying game." They marched firmly to the gallows at the appointed hour—a little before noon. The spectators were the newspaper men, the Sheriff and his deputies, and the Coroner's jury. Pale as death, but with their feelings, whatever they may have been, fairly under control, the doomed men mounted the fatal trap, evidently prepared to say a last word for anarchy before they died. The Sheriff and his deputies, however, did their work with such promptness that little was said. Engel made a jocose remark to one of the deputies. Spies declared, with truth, that his silence was more effective than speech. Parsons started an address to the "men of America," but was cut off by the falling of the trap. The four anarchists dropped to their death with cheers for anarchy on their lips.

In twenty minutes, all was over. Four more coffins were brought into the jail and placed beside that containing the remains of the suicide Lingg. The verdict of death by hanging was announced by the coroner's jury, and the bodies awaited the coming of those to whom they now legitimately belonged. Chicago and the State of Illinois, through their constituted authorities, had vindicated the majesty of the law and the judgment of the people.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### SULTAN MULAY HASSAN, AND HIS DOMINIONS.

WE reproduce a characteristic portrait of Mulay Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco, who, it will be remembered, recovered from his recent illness about the time that several vessels-of-war, belonging to various European nations, arrived at Tangier in anticipation of his demise, and a consequent casting of lots for his dominions. The Sultan lives a retired life at his capitals of Fez and Morocco, and rarely appears in public. He ascended the throne on the death of his father, Sidi Mahomed, in 1873, at the age of little more than thirty, when, already distinguished for his personal valor and good generalship, he defeated his rivals, and stringently put down all attempts at revolt. He is now forty-five years of age. His constitution was seriously shaken by an attempt which was made to poison him in 1880. In complexion he is very dark, his thick lips and heavy features showing that black blood flows in his veins; though, in spite of this, he is a strikingly handsome man. His life is simple, as is all life in Morocco; but at the same time, when occasion demands, he can appear in such state as scarcely a court in Europe can rival. The Sultan's dominions are of an enormous extent; in fact, the country over which he holds sway—though in parts his authority is scarcely recognized—contains no less than some three hundred and fourteen thousand square miles, an area two and a half times as great as that of Great Britain and Ireland. Tangier, the chief Moorish port, is the place of residence of the representatives of the European Powers, and of a

large and miscellaneous European population engaged in trade. Our illustration represents the city viewed from the large Soko, or market-place, which stands outside the walls. The gate into the city may be seen facing the reader. Outside the gate, to the left, are some of the small shops so characteristic of Oriental towns. Behind these are the gardens of the German Legation, showing part of the old town through the trees; while further back rises the Casaba, or citadel, with its mosque, and the towers of the Palace and Treasury. To the right is a view across the Straits of Gibraltar to the Spanish coast—Tangier being almost opposite Trafalgar Bay.

##### MILITARY RAILWAY MANOEUVRES IN FRANCE.

The supreme importance of the railways in any military mobilization, whether experimental or in actual warfare, in France, necessitates elaborate organization and careful preparation in those divisions of the army which are charged with the employment and protection of this chief means of transportation. Recent experimental manoeuvres have included the running of armored trains, with attacks upon them *en route*, and the blowing up of portions of the track by *sapeurs*. The latter operation furnishes the subject of our picture.

##### A TYROLESE TOWN.

The old town of Sterzing, or Störzing, on the Eisach, is architecturally one of the most quaint nooks of the German Tyrol. It is on the railway line running from Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, into Italy; but the streets have not yet lost their mediaeval look, as is shown by that depicted in our engraving. It might be taken for a bit of old Nuremberg.

##### THE IMPERIAL HEIR-APPARENT OF PERSIA.

Massoud Mirza, commonly called the *Zil-es-Sultan*, or Shadow of the King, is the eldest son of the Shah of Persia, and the Imperial heir apparent. He is about thirty-six years old, and is undoubtedly the ablest of the Shah's sons. He is already virtually the ruler of a considerable portion of Persia, being governor of the three provinces which have for their capitals the cities of Shiraz, Isfahan, and Kermanshah. He is, moreover, commander-in-chief of the army. He is said to have settled down, of late, as a truly good young man, after having accumulated immense wealth by despoiling the rich people in his provinces. He has just received from France the decoration of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of the aid which he gave to Mme. Dieulafoy in her scientific mission to Suziane.

##### IRISH CONSTABULARY AT WOODFORD.

The engraving which we reproduce from the *Illustrated London News* shows a bivouac of the Royal Irish Constabulary outside the town of Woodford, in Galway, adjacent to the district where the evictions of the tenants of the Marquis of Clanricarde have caused many scenes of violence, and where prohibited meetings of the National League have recently been attempted in defiance of the Government proclamation. It was at Woodford that Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was arrested; and here, too, Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., who is now serving out the harsh sentence of three months' imprisonment imposed upon him by the Mitchellstown court, addressed a crowd of National League men from a window, and burnt the Government proclamation before their eyes.

##### THE NEW YORK FIREMEN'S FLAGS.

THE two costly and beautiful "flags of honor," for the New York firemen, were presented to the Commissioners of the Department by Mayor Hewitt, on the Plaza at Union Square, last Saturday afternoon. The presentation was made in behalf of the New York *Herald* and some fifty other citizen subscribers, the colors being, in themselves, a public testimonial of the people to the efficiency of the Fire Department as a whole, as well as to the bravery and devotion of its individual members. The first of the flags is a national ensign, made of the finest silk, the red and white stripes sewn together by hand. The stars on the blue field are embroidered in white silk, and the flag is bordered with double gold fringe. The flag-staff, tipped with a fire-gilt American eagle, is also gilt from top to bottom.

The second flag is made on pure white silk, and is of the same size as the national flag, and is the "department flag." Members of the Society of Decorative Art who have seen it have declared it the most extraordinary and beautiful piece of work of its kind ever done in America. It is rich with the beauties of gold embroidery and trappings, and bears, besides the date of the presentation, the firemen's motto, "Courage and Fidelity."

##### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE statement that Secretary Bayard was about to be married is authoritatively denied.

THE first truss of the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Bridge, just finished, is 525 feet long between centres of towers, 82 feet deep and 35 feet wide, being the largest and heaviest steel truss in the world.

JENNIE COLEY, a member of the remnant of the once great Tarratine tribe of Indians, who live on an island in the Penobscot, was married the other evening. The dusky bride appeared radiant in a robe of delicate blue brocade satin, trimmed with cream Spanish lace and cream satin ribbons, while one of the Indian wedding guests wore peacock blue surah silk and satin, with overdress of Oriental lace.

##### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 5TH.—In Macclesfield, England, ex-Mayor John Ryle, of Paterson, N. J., aged 70 years. *November 6th.*—In Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Emiline Claridge, formerly President of the Fern Widows' Asylum, aged 63 years; in Middletown, N. J., Colonel Elias W. Conover, the well-known horse-breeder, aged 69 years. *November 7th.*—In Laneville, O., the Hon. E. E. Hamlin, aged 85 years; in Norfolk, Va., Dr. William Selden, an old and prominent physician; in Philadelphia, Pa., General Joshua T. Owen, aged 62 years. *November 8th.*—In Wilkesbarre, Pa., Captain James P. Dennis, the oldest native of that city, aged 75 years. *November 9th.*—In Newark, N. J., Justice of the Peace Ichabod C. Nettleship, aged 56 years. *November 10th.*—In Brooklyn, N. Y., E. M. Jewell, of the New York Produce Exchange, aged 42 years; in Richmond, Va., Colonel Lloyd J. Beall, aged 80 years. *November 11th.*—In Englewood, N. J., ex-Congressman Cullen W. Sawtelle, formerly of Maine, aged 83 years.

##### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is officially announced that cholera has absolutely ceased to prevail in Italy.

A WOMAN'S franchise Bill will be introduced into the British Parliament at its coming session.

THE internal revenue taxes collected during the fiscal year ended June 30th last amounted to \$118,829,523, exceeding the estimates by \$829,523.

EIGHTEEN young Russian army officers have been sentenced to various terms of exile in Siberia on charges of connection with a revolutionary plot against the Government.

THE Chilean Government is offering free board and lodging and a salary of \$1,500 paper money to German instructors to accept positions as teachers in the colleges of Chili.

ALL Russians resident in Berlin have been visited by the police and given a list of questions relating to the date and place of their birth, their domestic and business life, etc.

THE financial statement of the Post-office Department for the fiscal year ended June 30th last shows a deficit of \$3,554,068. In 1886, the excess of expenditures over all revenues was \$6,679,130.

THE English Cabinet has decided not to convoke Parliament until the end of February, in order to avoid the embarrassments of Parliamentary criticism of the course pursued by the Government in Ireland.

A MEETING of prominent citizens, held last week, took the preliminary steps towards the celebration, in April, 1889, of the inauguration of George Washington as President, in New York, one hundred years ago.

THE British Board of Trade returns show an increase in imports for October of \$7,500,000 as compared with the same month last year, and an increase in exports of \$2,550,100 as compared with October, 1886.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of California that municipalities can shut up the whisky shops removes the prohibition question from State politics and transfers it where it belongs, to each community.

THE owner of the six sealing-vessels seized in the Behring Sea by United States officials desires the Canadian Government to have his claim for compensation referred to the Fisheries Commission. He estimates his damages at \$130,000.

A NUMBER of Baptist churches and clergymen in London will follow Mr. Spurgeon's example by withdrawing from the Baptist Union. The Directors of the Pastors' College will convoke a conference to consider joint action on the secessions.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH has signed a measure providing that every officer of the Austria-Hungarian army who has served thirty years uninterruptedly and gone through one campaign shall be awarded a title of nobility without the payment of the usual heavy fees.

THE editor of *London Truth* is raising a fund of \$4,000 to buy 20,500 Christmas presents for the little patients in London hospitals and for the juvenile inmates of London workhouses. Of these presents, 3,500 are to be dolls, which are now being dressed by society ladies.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, the other night, Lord Salisbury lauded Mr. Balfour's Irish policy, and said he was confident of the final triumph of that policy in restoring law and order. As to foreign affairs, Lord Salisbury said that, while there was uneasiness in Europe, he knew of nothing that would justify alarm. He had good hope of adjusting the difficulty with America upon the ancient fishery question.

THE champion shaver is named Teddy Wick, and he lives in Chelsea, England. Stimulated by a chance to win \$75 and a silver medal, he shaved 77 men in 59 minutes 53 seconds, beating the limit by 17 men and 7 seconds. He now offers to cut 12 men's hair and shave 20 men, to shave 6 other men blindfolded, and 6 more with one hand, the other hand being tied behind him, in competition as to time against barbers from all over the world.

REV. J. H. SMYTH, pastor of the Second Reformed Church, New York city, preached on "Infidelity" last Sunday week, and illustrated his arguments by telling of the punishments which befell an association of thirty-six infidels in Newburg, N. Y., a half-century ago. A Newburg lawyer has since investigated the story, and found that the Rev. Mr. Smyth's statement was true, the entire thirty-six having met with unnatural and untimely deaths.

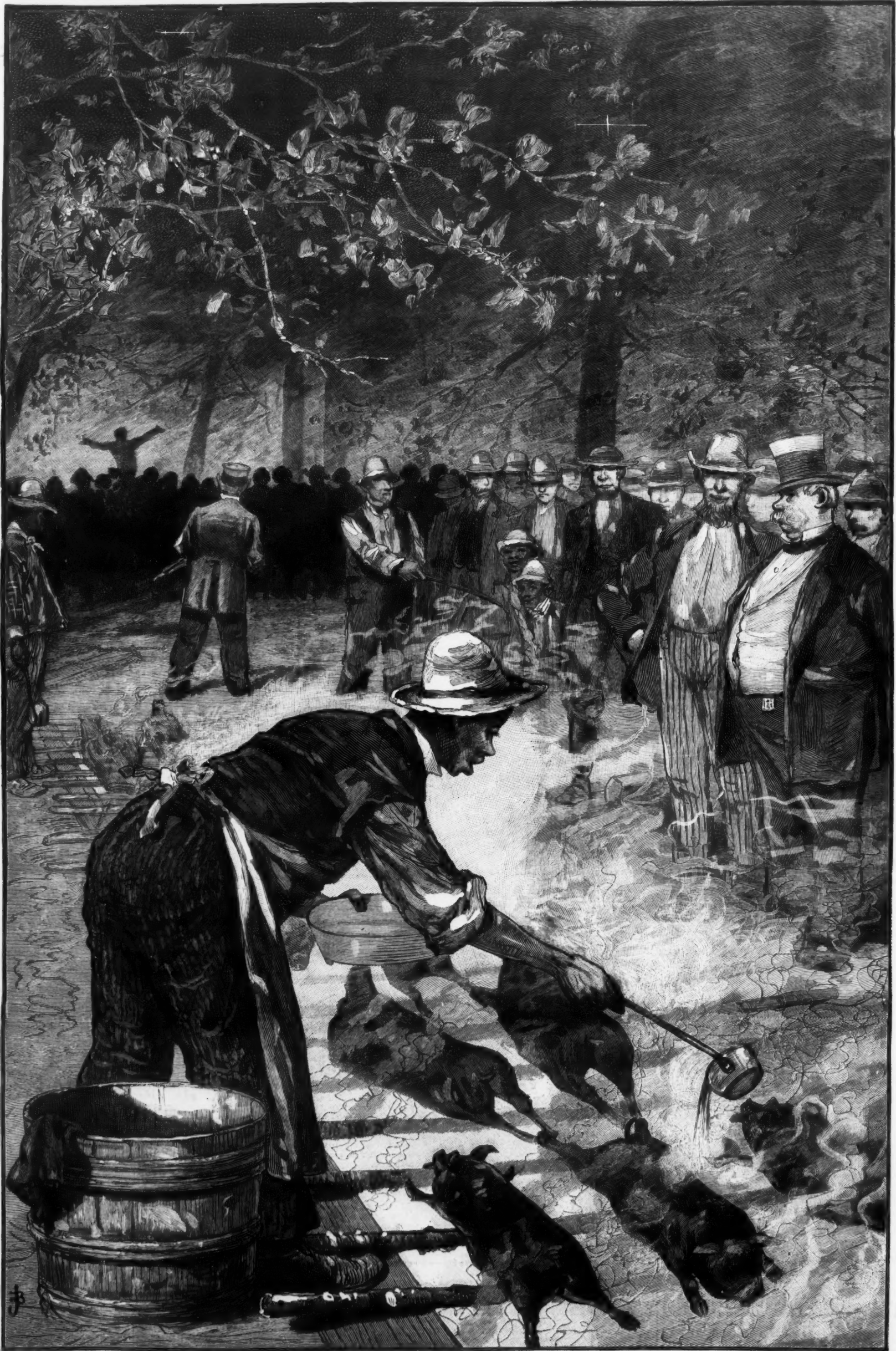
SECRETARY LAMAR has addressed a letter to Land Commissioner Sparks in which he states that the latter has in many cases disputed the Secretary's orders; that he may probably have done this in order of conscientious motives, but in that case it is Mr. Sparks's duty to resign his place; and that as business cannot go on with such constant disputes, he will at once ask the President to appoint either a new Secretary of the Interior or a new Commissioner of the Land Office.

JOHN OWEN SNYDER, the farmer who lives near Hartford City, Blackford County, Ind., and who has been afflicted for nearly three years with the strange malady that causes him to walk incessantly day and night, is nearing his end. He has appeared in museums and elsewhere, but is now at home. He has aged wonderfully, and must soon break down. A recent visitor asked him if he ever intended to stop walking. "I am afraid not in this world," he answered, with a sigh. "In the next, dunno."

THIRTY-SEVEN rooms have been reserved for the Fish Commission at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, where all the Commissioners will live and conduct their negotiations as well. Mr. Chamberlain will be welcomed by Washington society, irrespective of what the Irish-Americans say, because all Washington cares about is an agreeable person, a man of note, who can brighten up a dinner or attract people to an evening party. Sir Charles Tupper will have his wife with him, and she will not be neglected.

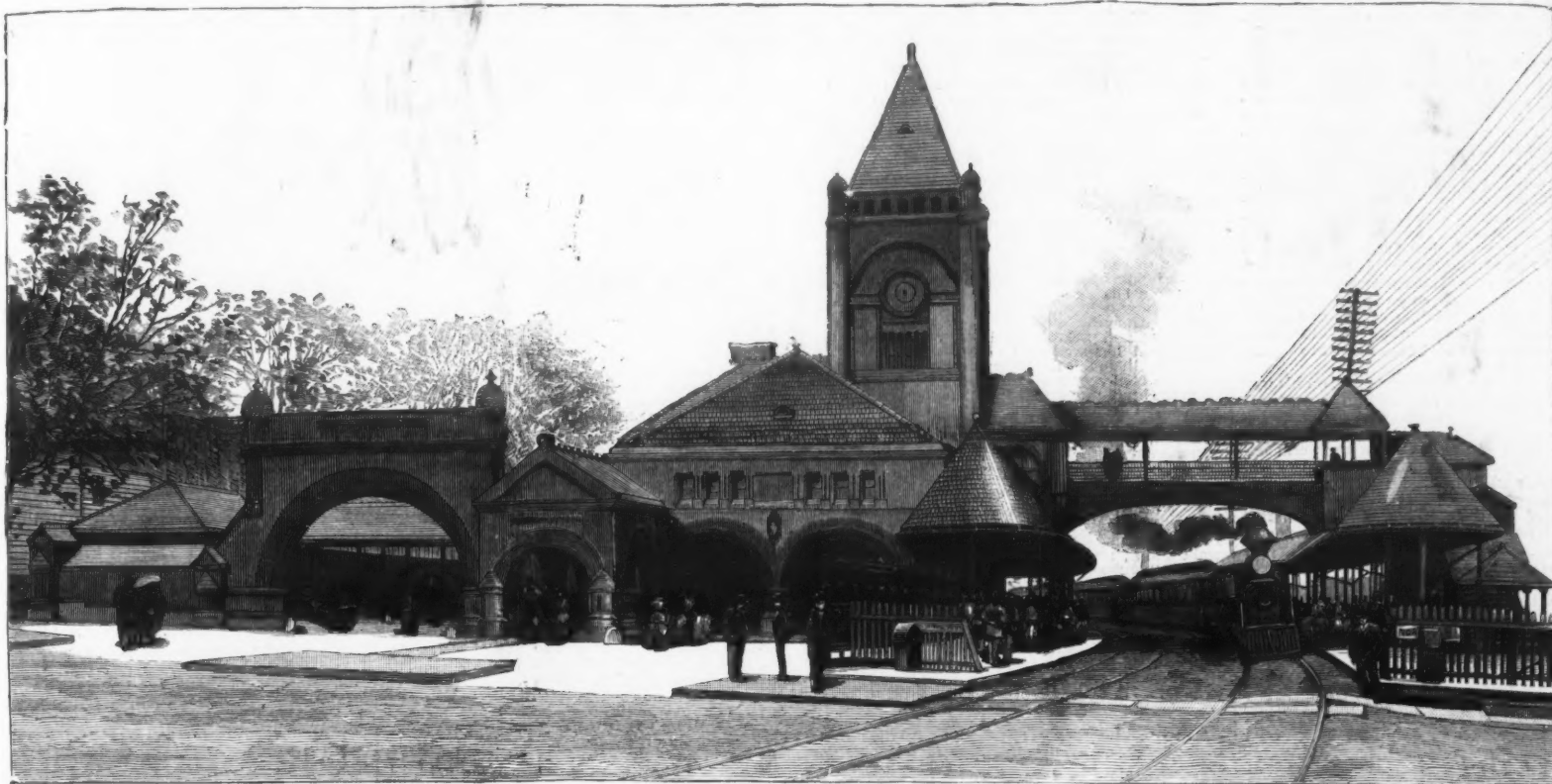
THE ceremony of presenting General Nelson A. Miles with a sword, in honor of his subjection of the Apache Indians, occurred at Tucson, Ariz., on the 8th inst., and was made a noticeable event by the citizens of the entire Territory. The sword was presented on behalf of all the citizens of the Territory. All the public and private buildings were handsomely decorated, and before the presentation a parade of all the local and civic societies occurred, which was reviewed by General Miles and other army officers. Joining in the parade was a band of 400 Papago Indians in war-paint and armor, as used by them to fight the Apaches. The Society of Arizona Pioneers acted as escort.





A FLYING TRIP SOUTH, No. 3.—THE EVE OF ELECTION IN GEORGIA—A GRAND POLITICAL BARBECUE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 218.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW STATION OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD AT 138TH STREET (MOTT HAVEN).

A HANDSOME RAILWAY STATION.

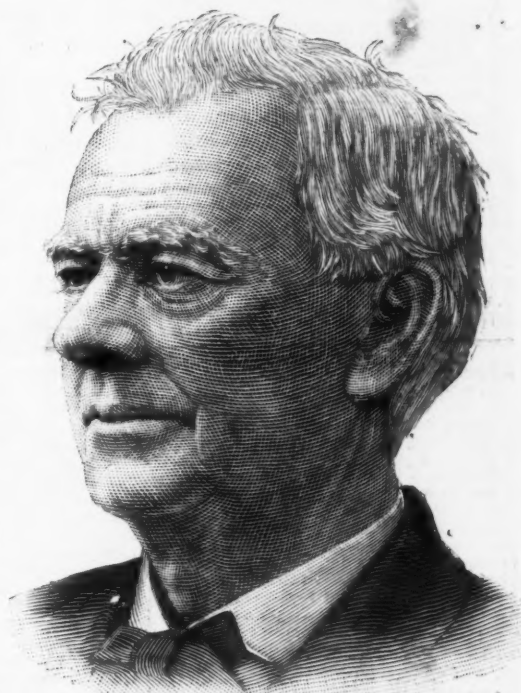
THE new station of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, New York city, heretofore known as Mott Haven, occupies about one acre of land, and is without doubt the finest and most complete way station in the country. It is in the centre of a prosperous and rapidly growing district, which already contains over a quarter of a million people, and commands a passenger traffic so important, that it has been made a regular stopping-place for all the fastest express trains in both directions, except the Chicago limited. In addition to the trains of the New York Central, it also accommodates those of the Harlem, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads. The structure is of two stories, Romanesque in its general type, but with richness and originality in its treatment of details, which give a most pleasing and satisfactory effect. Brick and terra-cotta are its materials, to which the roof of rich red terra-cotta tiles, from Akron, O., gives a picturesque completeness. Four entrances give access from One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, by means of which carriages, baggage-wagons, passengers on foot, and the Madison Avenue street-cars, all find adequate and distinct approach, so that convenience will be made certain and confusion and danger improbable. The main waiting-room is exceedingly spacious and imposing, containing nearly 2,500 feet of floor space, and an opened timbered roof. All the appointments of the station are as perfect and complete as the best taste and most thorough experience can suggest, and no convenience for the comfort and service of the traveling public has been overlooked. The architects of the station, which marks a great advance over any similar structure in or near New York, are Messrs. R. H. Robertson and A. J. Manning, of this city.



SERGE D. SMOLIANINOFF, INVENTOR OF THE PROCESS OF FIRING NITRO-GLYCERINE FROM COMMON GUNS.

SMOLIANINOFF'S IMPORTANT INVENTION.

MR. SERGE D. SMOLIANINOFF, the Russian inventor, whose portrait we give on this page, has, after a long series of interesting experiments, apparently perfected a method of firing nitro-glycerine in ordinary shells and from ordinary guns. After taking



ILLINOIS—HON. RICHARD J. OGLESBY, GOVERNOR.



NEW YORK CITY.—PRESENTATION OF THE FLAGS OF HONOR TO THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, NOVEMBER 12TH—SCENES ON UNION SQUARE.

SEE PAGE 219.



part, in the capacity of astronomer, in the American expedition to Point Barrow, about two years ago, Mr. Smolianinoff returned to San Francisco, and devoted his entire time to his experiments with nitro-glycerine. After spending fully two years in working out his idea of making nitro-glycerine harmless to handle, while preserving its explosive properties, he has succeeded in reducing it to a solution that will not explode either from a shaking or from direct fire. He, last Summer, in San Francisco, procured an old rusty twenty-pound Parrott gun and fired his nitro-glycerine from common shells, using three pounds of blasting-powder No. F for each shot. Army officers who witnessed the experiment pronounced it perfectly successful. Previous to the discovery of his method of treating nitro-glycerine, it was believed to be impossible to fire the substance without explosion from the discharge of the gun; but this inventor, during his experiments of the past two years, has fired over three hundred nitro-glycerine shells, and not a single one has exploded until after it left the piece. The igniter and method of treatment are wholly his own invention.

Mr. Smolianinoff recently came East, on his way to Europe, and obtained at Washington a permit from the War and Navy authorities to make his experiments in New York and Newport, using the Government guns and shells. The tests and exhibitions at Newport, during the last week of October, attracted wide attention. The guns were old ones from the station, which had been mounted on Rose Island for the purpose. Shells containing nitro-glycerine were fired from these, and every discharge was successful. A six-inch gun was used, and a service charge and service powder. Three shells were fired against strong masonry on the island and without the use of the inventor's igniter, to prove that no explosion is caused by either the discharge or contact. The distance fired was forty-eight yards. The other six shells were fired with the inventor's igniter through the air and over the water, and all six exploded in the air at a distance of about a mile and a half up the bay, each with a loud noise and with complete demolition of the shell and wide scattering of its pieces.

These experiments were witnessed by a board of naval officers, consisting of Lieutenant-commander Converse, presiding officer; Lieutenant Rohrer, gunnery officer; Lieutenant Holman and Professor C. E. Monroe, the chemists at the station. These officers concede the complete success of the experiments, and consider the invention of the greatest importance.

Mr. Smolianinoff, after conducting further experiments at Governor's Island, N. Y., has just sailed for Europe, where he proposes to make a tour exhibiting his invention.

#### THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

The result of last week's elections may be summed up as follows: In New York, the Democratic State ticket was elected by a majority of 18,000, while the Republicans secured majorities in both branches of the Legislature. In New York city, John R. Fellows was elected District Attorney by a majority of 23,000. The Pennsylvania Republicans elected their State ticket by 40,000 majority; Maryland went Democratic by a greatly reduced majority; and in Massachusetts, Governor Ames was re-elected by over 17,000 plurality, greatly to the disappointment of the Democrats. In New Jersey, the Republicans carried both branches of the Legislature, making heavy gains. In Nebraska, the Republican State ticket was successful by a majority of 20,000. Ohio re-elected Governor Foraker by 25,000 plurality, a gain of 10,000 over last year, and both houses of the Legislature are Republican. In Iowa, the Republican State ticket was elected by 15,000 plurality; and in Mississippi, the Democrats maintained their usual supremacy. In Rhode Island, the Republicans regained the Second Congressional District, electing Warren O. Arnold by a majority of 542. In Oregon, the proposed prohibition amendment to the Constitution was beaten by 7,000 majority. Virginia shows the usual Democratic majority.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THERE were heavy falls of snow in Vermont, and in the Mohawk Valley, New York, last week.

THE National Association of Wool Growers has started a movement for the demand of a restoration of the duty on wool.

CONSIDERABLE alarm was occasioned in St. Louis, last week, by a number of incendiary fires which were supposed to be of anarchist origin.

It is now stated positively that the President will early in the session of Congress nominate Secretary Lamar to the Supreme Bench, and transfer Postmaster-general Vilas to the Interior Department.

##### FOREIGN.

GREAT preparations have been made for the protection of the Czar while in Berlin, en route for St. Petersburg.

It is now said that President Grévy of France will resign if his son-in-law, M. Wilson, shall be proved guilty of the charges brought against him.

THE British Cabinet will undertake a wholesale prosecution of papers that publish reports of suppressed branches of the National League. It is reported that Mr. Dillon will be prosecuted for violation of the Crimes Act. Open-air meetings in Trafalgar Square, London, have been prohibited.

#### FUN.

No CONGRESSMAN is a hero in the eyes of a Washington hotel-waiter.—Hotel Mail.

If you want to cure a cough, use Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, the reliable remedy. 25 cts. SALVATION OIL is the cheapest and best pain-cure on earth. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

It is suggested, as a shrewd guess, that the first mention of playing cards is found in the Bible. It was when Nebuchadnezzar.

#### THE HEROISM OF WOMEN.

THE number is legion who are chronic invalids, and are extremely puzzled to tell what ails them. They are miserable—extremely miserable. Especially may this be said of a very large class of females. They have a heavy, weighty feeling, as if being dragged to the earth; a misery in their back all alone feeling. Scarcely able to put one foot before another, and yet seeing the work must be

done, they go on, a treadmill life from early morn till late at night, keeping about from the mere force of will. Arising in the morning but little refreshed by the few hours of broken sleep; no one but themselves knowing that incessant aches and pains had robbed them of that much needed rest.

The following is a brief statement taken from one of many letters received of similar import:

"CULPEPPER, VA., May 31, 1886.  
"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—I wrote you my symptoms one year ago last February, when I was taking the Compound Oxygen, then given me by a friend, but I was so very weak and nervous at that time, I doubt if it was sufficiently legible.

"My doctor treated me for catarrhal consumption, and gave me all kinds of medicines for suppression, but they only seemed to increase my pain. At last he concluded there was some organic derangement, and gave me surgical treatment, which, instead of relieving me, increased my agony, producing inflammation that reached the brain, making me utterly sleepless and delirious for months.

"One day a friend came to see me who had a part of a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen at her house, and persuaded me to try it. She sent it to me, and I commenced using it, but I must say with very little faith. After using it about a week my nose bled very profusely, and I felt great relief from the brain-pressure that had kept me crazed for months. I began to sleep. My mind came back to me, though my doctor had said if I ever got better, or lived, I would never recover my mind. He seemed surprised that I had. He recommended surgical treatment, but I had suffered so much by that from him, I would not trust it again. This was about a year ago, and I was an invalid until a month or so since, when I commenced to drag around a little, becoming so tired I could not rest. But since using Compound Oxygen I can rest and walk about, and the cold I had when the Compound Oxygen arrived soon disappeared. I am stronger and better than for years. Have resumed my old Sunday-school class, and played on the organ last Sunday."

There are very many people interested in the treatment which has done so much for this lady in Virginia. If you wish fuller information, send to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for their treatise, which is sent free.

To make a long story short—Send it to the editor of a newspaper.—Burlington Free Press.

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGSTURIA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

NINE years' additional experience with my Mineral Plate serves only to increase my appreciation and admiration of your wonderful improvement in dentistry. You will probably remember that at the time of taking my impression the bony structure in the alveolar ridge had been so completely destroyed by my rubber plate that the remaining tissue was so soft and flexible that it was with the greatest difficulty, after three attempts, that you succeeded in obtaining an impression that would barely answer. But, strange and remarkable as it may appear, within one year after the insertion of your Mineral Plate, there was a complete reproduction of bone at the points where absorption had been going on for so many years from the heating and poisoning effects of the rubber plate. This statement is made because the writer is convinced from his own happy experience that unmeasured comfort and health, and consequent prolongation of life, would be the boon afforded by the use of Mineral Plates to those unfortunates who are obliged to resort to the use of artificial teeth.

WM. M. PRATT, M.D.

151 East 58th St., New York, Oct. 8th, 1887.  
In this specialty, Dr. WILLIAM E. DUNS, of 331 Lexington Avenue, has during the last thirty years put in use 6,000 plates, giving to his patrons entire satisfaction. The improvements he has made within the past two years place it in a position still farther above all other kinds of Dentistry.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**  
The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptic and Children. (75 Cts. per box of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. M. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.)



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

**DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.**  
25c. a vial, by Druggists.

#### LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

#### LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," etc.

Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

#### LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

### Every Good Housewife

will welcome the Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat. It will scrape snow or mud instantly from the feet. Doesn't freeze and become useless when exposed. Doesn't require shaking or sweeping. Made of steel wire; neat, strong, and will last—well the way it lasts is discouraging to the manufacturers. Better look at them. Your dealer ought to have them, but if he hasn't, drop a note to

**HARTMAN STEEL CO. Limited,**  
BEAVER FALLS, PA.

151 Congress St., BOSTON; 88 Chambers St., NEW YORK; 103 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

If you could get a handsome Steel Picket Fence for your door yard for almost a song—write for a Steel Fence circular, and get the whole story.

#### WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses

paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschbaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

#### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

#### THE METROPOLITAN CONSERVATORY

The leading American School of Music. The following gentlemen comprise the Faculty: Dudley Buck, Samuel P. Warren, Harry Rowe Shelley, Dr. L. A. Baralt, H. W. Greene, Chas. Roberts, Jr., Walter J. Hall, C. B. Ruttenber, D. L. Dowd, C. B. Hawley, L. A. Russell, August Dupin, G. B. Penny. Every possible advantage is offered both in class and private teaching. Over 200 applicants last year. H. W. Greene, C. B. Hawley, Directors. 21 East 14th St., New York.

**CANCER CURED!**  
Send stamp for pamphlet.  
Dr. L. D. & G. H. BENTHAFF,  
63 Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.



THE VALUE OF  
**A Christmas Present**  
IS MEASURED BY ITS USEFULNESS.

To all who write (and everybody writes), a good Pen must be useful.

**Waterman's**  
Ideal Fountain Pen  
"Is the most perfect instrument of its kind."  
—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.  
Pres't N.Y.C. & H. R. R. R.

#### CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.  
56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.



How to Cure  
Skin & Scalp  
Diseases  
with the  
**CUTICURA**  
REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALY and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by THE POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ONLY FOR  
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

### SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

### BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
**Stomach Bitters.**  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**  
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.  
E. GRILLON,  
27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris.  
Sold by all Druggists.

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, MEN'S WEAKNESSES & DISEASES prove FATAL unless the afflicted use the REMEDIES given in the ASAHEL MEDICAL BUREAU book, mailed FREE at 291 B'way, N. Y.

**THE TOY the child likes best**  
This is the title of a descriptive Price-List richly illustrated in color print, of the Anchor Stone Building Box which should be found in every family, and may be obtained from all Toy Dealers, Stationers, and Educational Deposits. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

**F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,**

NEW YORK, 310 BROADWAY, or LONDON, E.C., 1, RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.



## “Did n't Know 't was Loaded”

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: “My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time reestablished her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time.”

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: “As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer.”

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

## PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!

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## THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE ON SHAVING.

[Special to the "N. Y. Tribune"]

WASHINGTON, September 11th, 1887.

Senator Ingalls is in town on his way to Philadelphia, where he is to take part in the celebration of the Constitution's centennial. He was seen by a reporter of the *Post*, to whom, in reply to a question as to the object of his visit, he delivered a learned disquisition on shaving.

"I think a man looks better when he is shaved. Every man should shave. I always shave myself. As part of one's regular toilet every morning it does not take much time, and it does not cost more than a cent. Take my advice—shave."

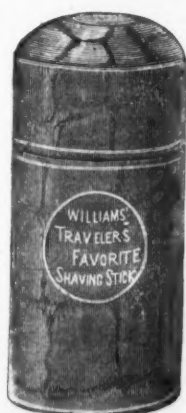
"Buy a Swedish razor; the Swedish is the best; it will cost you \$2.00, while an ordinary razor would cost you only \$1.00; but it is worth the difference. Then be sure and get a badger's-hair brush; the hog's bristle is not the thing that a gentleman wants. Get a badger's-hair brush at any price—it won't cost much. In buying a cup you can exercise your own good taste, but be sure you use no soap but **WILLIAMS' SOAP.**"

Senator Ingalls has the reputation of being the most fastidious of our public men, and it is not strange that he should so emphatically endorse Williams' Soap.

## For Half a Century Williams' Shaving Soaps

Have been the **ACKNOWLEDGED FAVORITES** with American "Shavers," young and old.

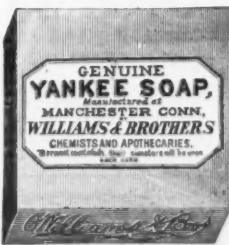
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THIS EXQUISITE TOILET ARTICLE contains all of those rich and lasting qualities which have made our "GENUINE YANKEE" SHAVING SOAP famous for fifty years. Delicately scented with finely selected Attar of Roses. Each Stick in a neat Wood Case, covered with Red Morocco Leatherette. VERY PORTABLE. INDISPENSABLE TO TRAVELLERS. A most acceptable Holiday Present.

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With your answer send 15 two-cent stamps (30c.) for which we will send you a Beautiful Christmas and New Year Package, containing an elegant assortment of Christmas Cards, New Year Cards, Easter Cards, Birthday Cards, Sunday School Cards, Reward of Merit Cards, a Fine Assortment of Scrap Pictures, a Gilt-bound Autograph Album with new quotations for same and our Sample Book of Newest Name Cards. This package would cost more than double this amount at any retail store, and we hope you will send us orders for them when you see them. We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Mention this paper.

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## OFFICIAL FOOD EXAMINATIONS.

THE Ohio State Dairy and Food Commissioner, General S. H. Hurst, has made public (Circular No. 6) the results of the Commission's investigation of baking powder. This Commission was formed by the Legislature, with instructions to make an examination of the food supply of the State, and to give a report of such examination to the public. The examination of the baking powders was made by Professor H. A. Weber, State Chemist, and, relating as it does to an article of daily use in the food of almost every one, is of particular interest.

The rather startling fact is brought out by the report that of the thirty different brands of baking powder analyzed, composing about all those sold in the State, twenty of them are made from alum, a substance declared by the highest medical authorities to be injurious to health when used in food.

The Commissioner classifies the baking powders into three general divisions, according to their value:

- 1st. Cream of Tartar Baking Powders;
- 2d. Phosphate Baking Powders;
- 3d. Alum Baking Powders.

The object of baking powders is, when mixed in the flour and subjected to moisture, to generate a leavening gas in the dough, which will raise the bread and cause it to be porous and light. The Commissioner explains that the best baking powder is that which, the ingredients being healthful, gives off the largest amount of leavening gas and leaves the smallest amount of residuum in the bread. A small amount of carbonate of ammonia, which is considered healthful, is used in some of the cream of tartar powders to give them a higher strength. The Commission say that pure alum is undoubtedly a hurtful salt, and that the resultant salts from its combination with soda as formed in the bread can scarcely be less hurtful. The report ranks the powders and shows the amount in each of inert resultants, which in using it would appear as residuum in the bread, as follows:

CREAM OF TARTAR POWDERS.		
Name.	Per Cent. Inert, or Residuum.	
1. Royal.....	7.25	
2. Dr. Price's.....	12.66	
3. Pearson's.....	14.39	
4. Cleveland's.....	10.18	
5. Snow Drift.....	17.54	
6. Upper Ten.....	9.22	
7. De Land's.....	32.52	
8. Sterling.....	12.63	
PHOSPHATIC BAKING POWDERS.		
9. Horsford's.....	36.49	
10. Wheat.....	86.23	
ALUM BAKING POWDERS.		
11. Empire.....	34.36	
12. Gold.....	30.34	
13. Veteran.....	23.36	
14. Cook's Favorite.....	34.92	
15. Sun Flower.....	35.60	
16. Kenton.....	38.17	
17. Patapsco.....	40.08	
18. Jersey.....	16.05	
19. Buckeye.....	29.85	
20. Peerless.....	31.38	
21. Silver Star.....	31.88	
22. Crown.....	16.69	
23. Crown (Special).....	25.09	
24. One Spoon.....	58.68	
25. Wheeler's No. 15.....	27.73	
26. Carleton.....	30.94	
27. Gem.....	36.57	
28. Sciota.....	18.25	
29. Zipp's Grape Crystal.....	11.99	
30. Forest City.....	24.04	

The large amount of inert matter or residuum in both the phosphate and alum powders will be noted. This in the phosphate powders is largely of lime; in the alum powders it is chiefly alum. It will be gratifying to the public to observe that the powder in most general use, the Royal, is also the purest. In comparing the first two powders on the list, for instance—the Royal and Dr. Price's—the inert matter in Price's is seen to be about five in seven more than in the former, a difference of 71 3-7 per cent., the Royal being purer than Price's by a corresponding figure.

The carbonic or leavening gas produced by the powders indicates their strength; and their true value may be ascertained by considering the amount of this gas in connection with their inert matter or residuum as shown above. The higher the percentage of gas and the lower the percentage of residuum, the better the baking power. These percentages, as found in some of the most familiar powders, are given as follows:

Name.	Per Cent. of Leavening Gas.	Per Cent. of Residuum.
Royal.....	11.80	7.25
Sterling.....	11.11	12.63
Price's.....	10.50	12.66
De Land's.....	10.10	32.52
Gem, Alum.....	8.45	36.57
Forest City, Alum.....	7.80	24.04
Silver Star, Alum.....	6.90	31.88
Kenton, Alum.....	6.20	38.17
Patapsco, Alum.....	5.80	40.08
Empire, Alum.....	5.80	34.36
Cook's Favorite, Alum.....	5.80	34.92
One Spoon, Alum.....	5.75	58.68

With the foregoing explanation the study of these figures will readily give consumers a knowledge of the comparative value of the different brands. To illustrate with the percentages given the two powders before compared: The Royal containing 11.8 parts of leavening gas to 10.5 in Price's, its excess of strength is 1.3 in 10.5, or 12.4 per cent. Royal is, therefore, 12.40 per cent. stronger, as well as 71 per cent. purer than Price's, etc. The relative strength and purity of all the powders can be computed in like manner.

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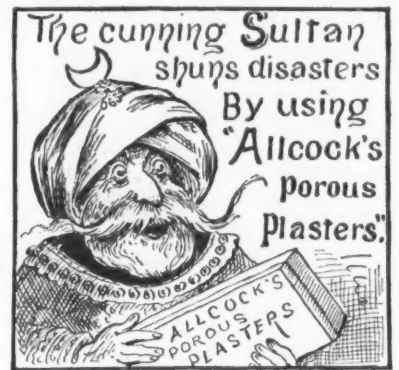
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